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Next week

ONE-A-DAY MIRACLES are keeping the Twins in first place. From Minnesota, a report by William Leggett on the team that never runs out of new ways to win ball games.

ARNIE'S EMBATTLED ARMY retreats to Palmer's home grounds in Luzerne, Pa., site of the 1963 PGA. Alfred Wright reports on the star's efforts to get back to his winning ways.

A SALTY TRIO of San Diego adventurers pioneered sport diving in the U.S., opening up the underwater realm to today's flippers throngs. An appreciation by Colea Phinizy.

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SCORECARD

HYEKULTURNI AMERICANS

The defeat of the U.S. men's track team in Kiev was a shocker, since it was the first in the eight-year history of the games with the U.S.S.R. It produced an even more shocking reaction on the part of some U.S. participants. Instead of congratulating the winners they offered a shameless succession of excuses, including the preposterous one that the Russians deliberately fatigued the American athletes by arranging for delays at the airport and in getting hotel rooms. As any traveler knows, such delays are common enough in U.S. airports and hotel lobbies.

There were good reasons for the defeat, including the illness of some stars, but an even better reason was the fine performance of the Russian team. The dismal war between the NCAA and the AAU, a situation hardly attributable to Russian plotting, did not help either.

What made the U.S. reaction all the more embarrassing was that the Russian press reported the meet fairly, without crowing and without political overtones. As for us, we were just *nyekulturni*.

WHERE THE BLAME IS

The doom of boxing was proclaimed eloquently after Cassius Clay's instant KO of Sonny Liston in Lewiston, Me., and it is now being proclaimed wishfully again after the Madison Square Garden bout that followed Flash Elorde's defeat of the favored Puerto Rican, Frankie Nieves. BOXING FLOORED AGAIN, bannered the *New York World-Telegram*. The *New York Times* seized the occasion to flout once more that "prizefighting is a game that brutalizes spectators as well as the boxers themselves."

It is true that the aftermath of the fight was a spectacle in degradation, but the fight itself was pretty good and nothing that happened in it was brutalizing. Madison Square Garden had prudently assigned 70 "special" policemen to handle the crowd of 7,000. Numerically, the Garden had the right idea but most of the "specials"—elderly, corpulent, benign and feckless—had not the slightest

intention of stepping into the line of fire as chairs, waste cans, fire extinguishers and even fire axes were flung in the general direction of the ring. Regular police arrived 20 minutes to a half hour late.

To blame this disgusting affair on prizefighting is a thoughtless injustice. The blame lies with the overly partisan hoodlums who could not accept an official decision.

Prizefighting brutalizes? Then one must hold that soccer brutalizes. Soccer riots in other countries make this one look like a lawn party.

STRATEGY

At a clinic for high school football coaches in Albuquerque, N. Mex., Minnesota's Murray Warmath lectured on every kind of defense. Then he came to the hypothetical case of the absolutely unstoppable team.

"What if they have a halfback and a fullback who can run all over you?" he asked the students. "And then spread out there a ways is a wingback as fast as a deer and a quarterback who can throw all over the place. What are you going to do?"

He paused dramatically as the coaches studied the overpowering situation. Then he gave them the answer.

"You're going to go to the athletic director," he said, "and get them off your schedule."

BY ANY OTHER NAME—NO SALE

The outcry among British humane societies against the sale of "stuffed baby alligators direct from the Florida Everglades"—a current rage in London, where they sell for 21 shillings (\$2.94)—has kept Florida wildlife officials busy explaining that the little reptiles are neither alligators nor from the Everglades. It is 20 years since the state outlawed the trapping of baby alligators, and the law has been enforced successfully. Previously some types of tourist had considered it high humor to ship live baby alligators to friends in the North. The alligators invariably refused to eat in the strange environment but, even so, would linger

on for months. Emaciated baby alligators flushed down toilets were so common as to give rise to reports that New York sewers were becoming breeding places for the species.

After passage of the Florida law, dealers began importing the young of the South American cayman, which resembles the alligator but can be distinguished by a bony ridge in front of the eyes. Establishments selling them display a sign that reads "Baby Alligators" and below, in small print, "S.A. Cayman." Purchasers are permitted to think that the small print is the name of the man who painted the sign.

For some odd reason people will buy stuffed "Baby Alligators" much more readily than they will the stuffed young of other species of crocodilians. A stuffed baby crocodile is a drag on the market, and a correctly identified South American cayman commands no interest whatsoever. There is nothing like the appeal of a good brand name.

THE FORBIDDEN FLASK

At the request of Dr. C. C. Humphreys, testotaker president of Memphis State University, the Memphis Park Commis-



sion considered briefly last week his proposal that spectators be barred from bringing liquor into the new Memphis Memorial Stadium. Such a proscription, he said mysteriously, "will add much to the pleasure of those who want to use this facility."

The park commission decided not to make a recommendation on the proposal. "There's just no darn way to enforce it," one commissioner explained. Police

enrolled

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SCORECARD

Chief J. C. Macdonald demurred. The ban would be by no means unenforceable, he insisted. "We'd just have to search 50,000 people," he said serenely, no doubt contemplating a world's frisking record.

In Jackson, Miss., Dick Hitt, manager of the Mississippi Memorial Stadium, where a liquor ban was imposed some time back, offered a very simple solution.

"We put the ban in," Hitt said, "and then forgot about it."

OLD GRAD GIVES A HAND

For the third successive summer Jack Kramer is proving that his feeling for tennis, despite all his professional interests, is the true amateur's love for the sport. He is doing more to develop good young players than anyone else in the game.

Thirty-six members of the Jack Kramer Club, ranging in age from 11 through 17, left southern California last week for a nationwide tour that will see them playing in tournaments at clubs throughout the country. Kramer began the project two years ago, limiting it to a California tour. Last year it was extended to six western states and Canada. Now it is national.

"It has always been our feeling," Kramer said, "that only the top players derive the big benefits of tournaments, since beginners usually are eliminated on the first day. This trip provides a match each day for every player. We believe this is beneficial to tennis. Other clubs have found this program stimulates junior interest." So much so, in fact, that clubs on the tour have flown to California to play return engagements.

Chaperons accompany the players, who stay in the homes of club members, just as touring amateurs used to do in the good old days of Tilden and Willis. If those days ever should return, and let us hope they will, Jack Kramer will have had a lot to do with it.

NUDDLE IN THE NUDDLE

Before the American League baseball season ends and the National Football League season begins the prospects are excellent for a fine little taffy pull in the offices of NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle. When the NFL drew up its 1965 schedule it put the Eastern Conference Giants on the road for their first four games because the Giants play home games in Yankee Stadium and Yankee

Stadium is virtually always the site for part of baseball's World Series.

Well, it doesn't look as if the Yankees are going to win the American League pennant this year. At the end of last week the three top contenders for the American League championship were Minnesota, Baltimore and Cleveland. Each of these shares its field with an NFL team: the Twins with the Vikings, the Orioles with the Colts and the Indians with the world champion Browns.

The World Series is scheduled to begin in the home park of the American League champion on Oct. 5 and, in the event of a seven-game Series, it could run through Oct. 12. Precedent says that no baseball field can be used for football during Series time. (Last year the St. Louis football Cardinals had to move a scheduled home game to Baltimore because the baseball Cards were in the Series. Baseball people felt, and rightly so, that the field could not be restored to playing shape soon enough after a football game.)

On Oct. 9 this year Pittsburgh is supposed to play in Cleveland in the NFL. On Oct. 10 the Giants are scheduled at Minnesota's stadium, and the Detroit Lions are in Baltimore. Since Pittsburgh and Cleveland, Detroit and Baltimore are in the same conference, these games could be shifted. Minnesota and New York, however, are in different conferences, and you can bet that the Vikings will not hold still for a shift. It looks like an interesting problem for Pete Rozelle.

COMEBACK FOR CALUMET

During a wonderfully successful era that began, roughly, with Whirlaway's Kentucky Derby victory in 1941 and extended at least through Tim Tam's Derby win in 1958, the devil-red colors of Calumet Farm dominated the turf world. But a sports organization cannot hope to remain at the top forever, as Notre Dame discovered in football and the New York Yankees are finding out in baseball. Calumet faltered. During four years its accounting books were done in devil-red ink.

That created a considerable tax problem. The income tax men hold that if a horse farm loses money over five consecutive years it is a hobby, not a business, and the losses are therefore not altogether deductible. Calumet faced the prospect of having to pay taxes on what had previously been deducted over a five-year period.

Mrs. Gene Markey, owner of Calumet,

continued

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SCORECARD *Continued*

could not bear to sell any of her 846 magnificent Bluegrass acres in order to establish a 1964 profit. Instead, she cut expenses, sold some horses and stepped up breeding of her stallions to mares from other farms. The farm managed to finish in the black, although, said Mrs. Markey, "it took some finagling."

Now Calumet is really coming back. Whereas in 1963 it failed to win a single stakes race, and in 1964 won only two, so far this year it has captured five. In seven months it has won \$230,000, closing in fast on the 1964 total of \$299,975. Prospects are the best in years. Reverse, a 3-year-old colt by Turn-to out of Miss Grundy, has won four of its last five starts, including two stakes. No Fooling, a 2-year-old by Tom Fool—Real Delight, is promising, and so are two juvenile fillies, Another Love and Rose Court.

Calumet raced 44 horses last year. Now the farm runs 25. But, apparently, they are all runners.

THE SCOUT

One of the best college basketball prospects in Texas is Ronnie Peret, who stands 6 feet 9, weighs 230 pounds and is well coordinated enough to have played shortstop on his Plainview High School baseball team when he was not on the basketball court.

Naturally, the recruiting pressure has been exceptional. Many a college wanted Ronnie. But Texas A&M got him. The heaviest pressure came from his 87-year-old Grandmother Effie, who is an Aggie fan.

"She just kept saying, 'Ronnie, you'll do just fine at Texas A&M,'" Ronnie explained. "Then she'd tell me she would cut off the cakes and pies if I didn't go there. She really put on terrible pressure."

THEY SAID IT

- Joe Auer, halfback of the Buffalo Bills, on how he happened to name his pet alligator "Dammit": "I reached down to pick him up one day and he bit my finger, the name came to me just like that."

- Dan Peterson, plebe basketball coach at Annapolis, to interviewers while on a recruiting trip: "With waivers we can take boys up to 6 feet 8. But we're glad to hear about 6-foot-9 and 6-foot-10 kids. They have a funny habit of turning out to be only 6 feet 7 or 6 feet 8 when they get measured."

END

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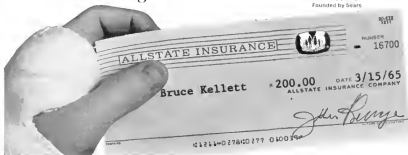
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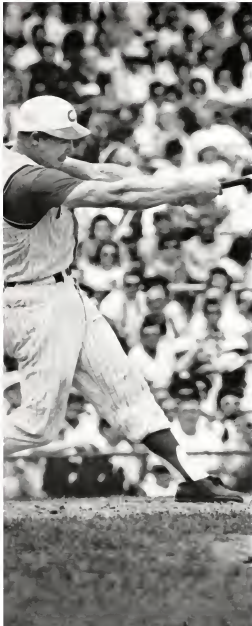
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BOOM GO THE BIG RED BATS

They might win the pennant for Cincinnati this year, writes a pitcher who helped the club win one in 1961. But if the mysterious O'Toole came around it would be a cinch

by JIM BROSINAN

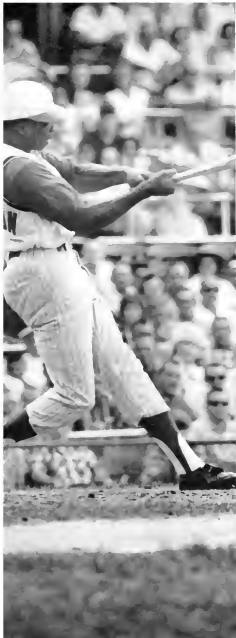
Ask a simple question in Cincinnati and you get a simple answer: "The Reds didn't deserve to win the pennant in '61. They blew it in '64. They won't win it this year."

Now no one but a genuine, dyed-in-the-wool Cincinnati Red baseball fan could volunteer such an all-embracing, morale-destroying opinion. To an ex-Red player anxious to know if the Reds could really win the 1983 National League pennant he was a godsend. Any fan who can deny his own home team thrice is a veritable rock garden of information.

I sat in a chair at the Sheraton-Gibson Hotel barbershop while this caustic Red critic slapped a hot towel on my face and confessed that he was a real Red fan, the kind that "railed round the Redlegs" to "root the Reds home" back in

Swinging hard and hitting often, Deron Johnson (left) and Frank Robinson (right) have offset the Reds' poor pitching with the sharpest one-two punch in baseball.

JAMES DRAKE



1961. He looked the part: Heavy-jowled, loose-lipped, with a bass bowl that could easily project over the roar of the crowd. Put a beer in his hand, sit him in a box seat at Crosley Field and he'd fit perfectly into any old pro's nostalgic fantasy.

Having been invited to spend a weekend watching the Reds win the 1965 pennant, I blessed good fortune that I could get my first impressions from an expert fan—frank, straightforward and positively obnoxious. When my barber poured lilac lotion into a razor nick on my neck I realized that the worst had happened, and things were bound to pick up.

There I was, home to scan scenes that once were filled with raucous revelry as Red fans celebrated a National League pennant. Remembering '61, the Cincinnati victory seemed unreal, destiny's accident, so to speak. The real Red fans paraded, applauded, poured beer and praises on the players in Fountain Square. V-J day was a garden fete compared to the day the Reds clinched the flag.

Four years later, the Reds are so real that gambling men have been seen sneaking across the river into northern Kentucky to place large bets that the Reds will win the flag again. Thousands of potential Red fans drive their cars out on the new expressway to see Crosley Field, home of the Reds. Unfortunately for William O. DeWitt, owner of the team, too few motorists think highly enough of the Reds to try to figure out how to get off the expressway and into the parking lots.

DeWitt reportedly makes an enemy an hour as he petitions the city council to condemn property near the park so he can help break up the traffic jams he hopes the Reds will cause when they clinch this year's flag. Nonfans think the Reds are a business, not a civic enterprise.

Freshly shaved, I gossiped with William O. in his downtown office. With an honest gleam in his eye DeWitt talked about a rosy Red future when profits will redeem the promise his team has offered since '61. And he allowed that he doesn't think much of barbers who pretend to be baseball fans.

"That's not our typical fan," he said, handing me a statistical survey that showed the average Red fan drives over 50 miles to attend a

continued on page 52



FAITH AND FORM AT SARATOGA

The first was shown by a bishop singular for his trackside intercession in behalf of a superhorse, the second by Kelso himself, who has now proved his superiority over six racing crops and 70,000 rivals by WHITNEY TOWER

Not being a horseplayer of international renown, the kindly-faced man with graying hair was inconspicuous among the 23,360 persons who showed up Saturday to watch the Whitney Stakes at Saratoga. The Right Reverend Arthur R. McKinstry, retired Episcopal Bishop of Delaware, was attired in a plain business suit, and in truth he was not a model of clerical calm as he stood elbow to elbow with a mob that, pushing into the beautiful saddling enclosure, almost detached the clms from their roots. (Officials, while acknowledging that Saratoga had put more people in the stands, estimated that at least 12,000 of them jammed into the paddock area to look at Kelso, the hero of the decade. Not since Native Dancer performed as a 3-year-old had the old track seen such a crush.) On the contrary, Bishop McKinstry freely admitted to a spattering of goose pimples, which is quite an admission for the man who officiated at the marriage of President Lyndon B. Johnson.

"On the occasion of President and Mrs. Johnson's 30th wedding anniversary," said the bishop, "the White House reporters asked me if I had any other claim to fame. I thought a little while and then had to confess to them that among my friends in Wilmington I am casually spoken of as the private chaplain for that great racehorse Kelso. Taken aback, one reporter turned and asked me, 'Do you mean to say that you direct heavenly words to God on behalf of a racehorse?' 'I don't have to,' I replied. 'Let's say I just sit there with my fingers crossed and hope a little.'"

Bishop McKinstry chuckled a bit as he recounted the episode, and then revealed, "Actually, I get so nervous when Kelso runs that I feel like trying to recite the Greek alphabet backward to take my mind off things."

There's no telling how many alphabets the good bishop recited last Saturday or in precisely what order he chose to rattle them off—but it's a safe bet that from the quarter pole to the finish line,

which is exactly where Kelso nipped Malicious by a nose to win the Whitney, his Heaven-directed output of the right words would have made all loyal Delaware churchgoers proud. They can be assured that their man in Saratoga helped Kelso get the job done.

Mrs. Richard C. duPont's ageless gelding has demonstrated his superiority over six racing crops totaling more than 70,000 horses, and this 38th running of the Whitney was about as fine a performance as he has ever turned in. They were calling Kelso a top horse when he won his first Whitney back in 1961. When he repeated the victory in 1963, at the age of 6, he was already considered a superstar. Now, at 8, he is unique—an athlete like Ruth, Tilden, Hitchcock, Dempsey or Bobby Jones who combines all the skills of his profession with a personal magnetism that a movie star might envy.

In Kelso's last race, the Brooklyn Handicap, where he had to give away 11 pounds to Pia Star and Roman Broth-



TOAR PHOTO

With a mighty bound at the finish, Kelso (No. 3) noses out Malicious. Topweighted at 130 pounds Kelso won \$35,360 and figures to reach the \$2 million earnings mark in next start

Kelso's trainer, Carl Hanford, said before post time: "Malicious and Crewman are the speed, and we've got to stay close to them. Pia Star is going to stay close, too, but my concern is to make—really force—the leaders to do some solid running from the start. If we don't force them to run all out quickly, they will have too much of a finishing kick—with the benefits of the weights when we turn for home."

When the five-horse field broke from the gate directly in front of the stands, there was Milo Valenzuela coming out of the third stall riding old Kelly as though the two of them were cranked up for a 440-yard sprint at Rudoso Downs. They looked as though they wanted to take the lead into the clubhouse turn, and the strategy was successful, to Milo's inside Bobby Ussery on Malicious and John Reitz on Crewman both went to work, and as the field came out of that turn Malicious was doing some honest running, with Crewman a length or so off him.

Pia Star had broken on the outside, with Manuel Ycaza subbing for John Sellers, who was at Monmouth Park getting beaten on the favorite, Our Michael, in the \$100,000 Sapling. The quick start by the inside horses naturally meant that Ycaza had to hustle right along with Pia Star if he wanted any sort of position in that turn. He gunned it, along with the others, and when everybody straightened out in the backstretch Pia Star was in third place, with Kelso galloping easily right where Hanford and Valenzuela wanted him—fourth, but not too far behind.

Kelso usually makes his big move leaving the half-mile pole. At that point Malicious had a half-length lead over Crewman, who in turn was one and a half lengths in front of Pia Star. Kelso was nearly three lengths farther back, and now suddenly all the spectators in the Saratoga stands stood up. They were poised to applaud the famous move that so often takes Kelly from way back to way up front. But what was this? Kelso wasn't going. "He wasn't picking up his horses," Hanford noted later. "But neither were they coming back to him. For a second there I didn't know what was the matter with him."

"I was a little worned myself," said

Valenzuela. "Even at the three-eighths pole he didn't respond. At the five-sixteenths pole I hit him, but it wasn't until we got to the three-sixteenths pole that he really took off."

There are a couple of things that trainers at Saratoga have been saying about the venerable track this season. One of them is that it is fast but considerably deeper than Aqueduct, and another is that you don't want to try and come through within four feet of the rail, where it is deepest of all. Still another maxim holds that the horse who leads at the quarter pole—where the fields straighten out for the run home—will not lead at the wire. Not all jockeys, of course, believe what the trainers tell them, and so Ycaza tried to save ground by sending Pia Star through on the rail turning for home. The maneuver did him no good. Anyway, it probably was a mistake in the first place to take a natural speed horse like Pia Star and try to rate him.

If Pia Star is best running on his own, Kelso is best at knowing when to turn on the speed. The race between Malicious and Crewman was all but over at the quarter pole (where Malicious was still in front). Now Kelso came rushing. Crewman had faded, Pia Star was not to be a threat but, with an eighth of a mile to go, Malicious, with his light package of 114 pounds, was nearly three lengths in front. Foot by foot Kelso made up ground with a heartwarming display of courage. Then, just two jumps before the wire, he put that winning nose of his in front to stay. His fans had to wait for the official result to be sure; then they splashed down into their seats in a hump sweat.

It was Kelso's 35th victory in 60 starts (he has also been second 12 times and third twice), and he cantered back to the winner's circle richer by \$35,360. Should he next win the Aqueduct on Labor Day he will become the first double millionaire in equine history (he has now earned \$1,954,144), and after that the weight-for-age Woodward and Jockey Club Gold Cup stakes should be at his mercy.

As to mercy, Bishop McKinstry is not dispensing it to Kelso's rivals. "I won't miss any of his races," he assured Mrs. duPont, "if I can help it."

END

er, he was benten four lengths and finished third. That was certainly no disgrace. Kelso is seldom at his best in July, and in that race he was meeting in Pia Star a seasoned horse at the top of his form. Most observers who know Kelso's usual form in midsummer just noted, "He was dead short, but watch out for him next time." Next time was last Saturday's Whitney.

The Brooklyn, at a mile and a quarter, was a handicap weighted by Racing Secretary Tommy Trotter. They do things differently in the Whitney, which is at a mile and an eighth. In this one the weights are assigned according to earnings over the last two seasons. It worked out to Kelso being highweight once more

at 130 pounds—but Pia Star, because of his sensational success this summer, now found himself at 127. Greentree's Malicious got in with 114, while Choker made it at 110, and Crewman (who had his big moment defeating Chateaugus, Never Bend and Candy Spots in the 1963 Travers but who went winless in 1964) carried 111.

It was evident that if Kelso were to give Crewman and Malicious, both of whom show a fondness for the Saratoga strip, 19 and 16 pounds respectively, he had to run a big race, and then some.

"There's only one way to plan this,"

A Public School That Jumps

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE

In the 30 years of its existence, Millfield School in Somerset, England has built an exceptional reputation in sports. It had seven former students at the Tokyo Olympics; it has a crack polo team; its golf team has beaten Oxford University; and its First Fifteen is the best schoolboy Rugby team England has ever seen. Along with its adventurous approach to sports, Millfield has two other distinctions that set it

apart from Britain's more traditional public (private) schools. The more sterling is the fact that the school is coeducational (there are 87 girls among its 689 pupils from 42 countries). Nearly as surprising is the rare disregard for class lines shown by Headmaster R.J.O. Meyer, who will enroll anyone that he thinks would benefit from the Millfield system—even if it involves cutting the steep \$2,500 annual tuition.





The school's sports trophies are kept in the dining room (above). On the table is the Chas and Block trophy, given to the winners of a golfing contest in which parents and children make up the teams.



The junior interhouse long jump (in progress in the picture at left) is part of a remarkable track and field program. Mary Rend, an Otisville gold medalist in the high jump, is a Whitfield graduate.



A freckled and louse-haired Londoner named Jeffrey Fisher (right) may remind some readers of "Mad" magazine's cover boy, but he is a lot more active than Alfred E. Neuman. He plays cricket in summer, soccer in the winter months.

CONTINUED



The spirit of Millfield is personified by Robin Stoddart-Stones (above). When volunteers were wanted to jump into a leaky boat, young Robin called out, "Sir, I'll sink, sir!" and he nearly did.



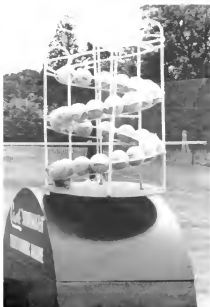
Millfield School has won the All-England Schools Tennis Championships for nine years, often playing its second-string 14-year-olds against 18-year-olds. Here some boys volley with a tennis machine.



Marcia Aw, daughter of the late Aw Boon Haw, the Chinese patent-medicine king, takes a golf lesson. Her brother also is at Millfield. Famed Tiger Balm Gardens in Hong Kong is a monument to their father's No.1 ment



Tennis is the most popular game. More than half the students play, including His Imperial Highness Prince Paul Mekonnen of Ethiopia (above), grandson of Emperor Haile Selassie. He is called Mekonnen by classmates and staff.



CONTINUED



A Liberian student, Vernie Dennis, is the 19-year-old captain of the team that broke all records for schoolboy Rugby last season. The team won every game it played and beat the Racing Club de Paris "A" side 26-2. Dennis hopes to introduce Rugby to Liberia, where it is almost unknown.



School That Jumps

The wide lawn that sweeps down from the back of Millfield House is used for fencing. Using a French foil, Frances Bennett of Rhode (left, foreground) executes a lunge.

Headmaster R.J.D. Mayer (right) is a former Somerset County cricket captain whose relaxation is curing for exotic dances. Here he confers with a duchess named Lord Byron.

The school maintains a stable of 16 horses, and riders look after their mounts, doing all the grooming, chipping and exercising. The polo team (below) practices rein or shine.



A PRIDE OF OLD PRO QUARTERBACKS

The eight quarterbacks on the next four pages total 98 years of experience in the National Football League, 17 league championships and countless contusions and broken bones. In many ways they have been the NFL, establishing the pattern for others to follow, developing and perfecting the T formation as it is known today, setting the records and then breaking them, making few mistakes themselves and refusing to tolerate the mistakes of others. Only one of them, Baltimore's Johnny Unitas, is still active; the rest are elder statesmen of the game they helped nurture from spindly adolescence to a robust maturity. The star quarterbacks of this season will have names like Starr, Ryan, Wade, Jurgensen, Johnson and Tarkenton, but none of these has yet attained the stature of the great ones. The latest of the old pros to hang up his cleats is Y. A. Tittle, whose story begins on page 27.



Sam Baugh (left) came out of Texas in 1937 and led the Redskins to five division and two world championships in the next 16 years. One of the first of the great T passers, he switched from tailback in mid-career.



Bob Waterfield (above) took the Cleveland Rams to a world title in 1945, his rookie year. At Los Angeles from 1949 through 1952 he and Norm Van Brocklin ran the most explosive pass attack in league history.

Sid Luckman (left) was the prototype of the modern T-formation quarterback. He learned his trade under George Halas and Clark Shaughnessy of the Chicago Bears (1939-1950) and changed the look of football.

Ten for 10 in division championships (1946-1955), Cleveland's Otto Graham was a master technician. But as a Charlie McCarthy to Paul Brown's Edgar Bergen, Otto only followed orders.



Anthithesis of Graham was Bobby Layne. Although Layne's passes wobbled and his temper often flared, from 1950 to 1957 he brought Detroit three world championships.





Norm Van Brocklin (left) was an ingenious tactician. In 12 years he won five championships, four for Los Angeles and one for Philadelphia.

Last of the active old pros is John Unitas, in his 11th year with the Baltimore Colts. A cool, deadly passer, he won world titles in 1958, 1959.





A GOOD QUARTERBACK HAS TO BE HIS OWN MAN

Tittle learned a lot in his freshman year with the Colts, but his postgraduate course in pro football came when he joined the 49ers—the country club that turned into a concentration camp

by Y.A. TITTLE with TEX MAULE

You do not become a mature pro quarterback until you tell your coach to go fly a kite.

I spent 27 years playing football, and maybe that was the most valuable thing I learned in all of that time. I learned it in my first year as a pro, with the Baltimore Colts in the All-America Conference. I remembered it last year, with the New York Giants, but as the season went on I did not act on it. That may have been one of the big reasons I left pro football on a bad year and one of the big reasons the Giants went from first to last in the Eastern Division of the National Football League.

Don't misunderstand me. I am not criticizing Albie Sherman. I admire and respect Albie both as a man and as a coach, and I don't think any coach in football could have done better than he did under the circumstances last season. *I am criticizing Y.A. Tittle.*

I was not the only reason the Giants did not repeat as division champions last season and, for that matter, I may not have been the most important. But

I was a factor and a big one and, whatever I have to say about the 1964 disaster, I want to make one thing very clear right now. I did not play well. I'll go into the reasons why later, but remember that: Y.A. Tittle had a bad year.

Some people have said that was because the pro football game had passed me by. I am—or was—a drop-back quarterback and I don't know how to run. I spent 27 years in football throwing the ball, and it took all my time learning how to do that well. I guess Jimmy Brown spent all his time learning how to run; he can run a lot better than I could, but I could throw the ball a lot better than Jimmy Brown.

You hear a lot about the importance of the running game in pro football, about how the runners are taking over, but how many division championships have the Cleveland Browns, with the greatest all-round running back in football history in Jim Brown, won since 1956 when they got him? Two. I personally feel, and not because I was a passer, that the passing game is *crucial*

Some of the best and one of the worst years of Tittle's long career were spent with the New York Giants.

still the most important phase of the offensive attack. The receivers are so good today that the offensive team is capable of scoring from any distance.

If you want to take the trouble to check back, you will find out that the one common factor of all championship teams, year after year, has been a great drop-back passer. No scrambler ever won a championship. Go back 15 years. In 1950 and 1951 the Rams had Bob Waterfield and Norm Van Brocklin and the Cleveland Browns had Otto Graham. In 1952 and 1953 the Detroit Lions had Bobby Layne. In 1954 and 1955 it was Cleveland again, still with Otto Graham. The 1956 Giants had Charlie Conerly, and Detroit in 1957 had Tobin Rote to go along with Layne. In 1958 and 1959 Johnny Unitas took the Baltimore Colts to the world championship, and in 1960 it was Van Brocklin again, with a Philadelphia team you couldn't rate any better than third in the East, except for the quarterback.

The Packers won it in 1961 and 1962, and I suppose it was the running of Jim Taylor and Paul Hornung and Tom Moore that really started all the talk

about the rebirth of the running game, but for my money the key man on that team was Bart Starr, one of the most underrated quarterbacks in football.

The Bears beat us in 1963, with Billy Wade. Of course, Cleveland won it last year and Jim Brown had his usual great season. But he has never had anything else, and the difference in the Cleveland of 1964 and the Cleveland of previous years was that Frank Ryan reached maturity and became a championship-class quarterback. I suspect that at some time during the season he told Coach Blanton Collier to go fly a kite and that was the day he turned the corner.

Maybe I had better explain what I mean by that before a lot of high school quarterbacks start talking back to their coaches.

When you start out as a rookie quarterback in the pros you are naturally anxious to please. You listen carefully to everything the coach tells you to do and you go into a game with the game plan firmly in mind. Say it's third and nine and the game plan says under the circumstances you should throw a turn-in. You throw the turn-in because you are afraid to displease the coach and be criticized by him.

Now, maybe it happens to be third and seven, and we are playing a tough team and we are moving. The game plan again calls for the turn-in and most of the time I would throw it, but Del Shofner might come back in the huddle and say, "Yat, I can beat this guy on a fly."

Well, a fly is a long pass and maybe the game plan says don't throw a fly on third and long yardage, but I know I can trust Del, so I call the fly anyway. Then suppose Del is covered and the pass is incomplete.

So I come off the field and the drive has died and Sherman—or any coach, for that matter, they are all the same in this kind of situation—says, "Why did you do that, Yat? Damn it, the turn-in has been open all day and it was open on them last week! Why did you throw the fly?"

That is when you have to be strong enough to tell him to go fly a kite. Maybe not in exactly those words, but you have to be able to say, "Because I thought it would work," and go back to the bench and sit down and not let it bother you.

The first time you feel this kind of power and this kind of control of the game you have grown up as a quarter-

back. It usually takes four or five years for a pro quarterback to develop this kind of feel and self-confidence, and it is this, not the complexities of the game, that accounts for his late development.

When you think about it, the complexities are no problem to the kids coming up today. They were smart going into college, a lot smarter than I was when I entered LSU. In those days, if you were a rawboned old boy with a little muscle on you and weighed maybe 180 pounds, you could get into just about any college in the country, no matter how slow you were scholastically. Now the competition is rugged scholastically, so that when a boy comes to a pro camp the intricacies of football do not bother him very much. The kids learn the play book in a hurry; what takes time to learn is that they should be themselves and not merely an extension of their coach.

All the good ones are individualists. Van Brocklin was always himself, never Sid Gillman or Joe Stydahar or Buck Shaw. Johnny Unitas certainly was not an expression of the mind or the personality of Weeb Ewbank, and he is his own man under Don Shula, too.

In my insurance business, suppose I said to a salesman, "Go see Mr. Jones and this is what you do. First, you ask him, 'Do you know you will die someday?' Then you say, 'Is your family properly protected?' Then he will say thus and so and you will say such and such and after 15 minutes you say this sentence here and you will close him." If the salesman did that and did not fit his interview to the customer, you know what would happen to him? He would starve to death. He has to be flexible and fit himself to a situation. So does a quarterback.

It comes slow, because you have to have a past history of some success to give yourself status and self-confidence. You have to accomplish something before you believe.

I was lucky when I came up to the pros with the old Baltimore Colts in the All-America Conference. My first pro coach was Cecil Isbell, who had himself been a great passer for the Green Bay Packers. He was one of the men who threw to Don Hutson. Curly Lambeau, who was the coach and the owner of the Packers then, and who saw all the top passers, once said that Cecil Isbell was the best of the lot.

I suppose I gained self-confidence



At LSU, Y.A. posed for publicity shot showing off his windup and his hair

quickly under Cecil because he believed that you should put the ball in the air. Even though I was a rookie, Cecil did not second-guess me. I was lucky, too, that the Colts were a new team and none of the players had any more experience than I had. The league had just been formed and we were all young together. I did not have any oldtimers in the huddle to question my judgment and I had always had confidence in my ability to throw the ball, so I got the best possible initiation into pro football.

Isbell taught me another thing that was valuable to me all during my career. He not only believed completely in throwing the ball, he believed in throwing to the outside. That may not sound like a very important lesson, but over the years it saved me a lot of interceptions. Now and then I threw into the hole but I preferred to go to the outside, and Cecil was the first to point out to me the logic and the percentage in this. I won't be back out there next year, so I don't mind admitting this preference now, although I suspect the habit shows up on every frequency chart in the NFL.

Cecil's theory and the one I operated on was this:

When you throw into the hole you are throwing into trouble. A passer throwing over the center of the line has to be able to see in two directions at once, since there are defenders on both sides of the receiver. A safety may sift across just out of the line of your vision, and the weak-side linebacker is close enough to follow your eyes and move into the play. When you throw to the outside you only have to look in one direction and trouble can only come from the inside, so you can see it easily and quickly. A lot of quarterbacks get themselves into trouble throwing into the hole.

Cecil taught me something else: the only way you can complete a pass is by having good protection and one open receiver. The long-drawn-out, complicated pass patterns designed to break open receivers at one-second intervals were no good to me. It was always me and one receiver against the defense. I knew who I wanted to throw to, and I expected that one guy to beat his man and I expected to get the ball there. If he didn't I looked for someone else, sure, but if I didn't find someone quick I threw the ball away. You don't have time back there to look all over the lot for a receiver. You have three seconds.

My rookie year, 1948, was one of my best. We went all the way to a tie for first with Buffalo in the eastern division of the A.A.C. We lost the playoff, but that first year was one of the big breaks in my career. I possibly could have taken two or three more years to develop the feel of running a team. I have known some overcoached quarterbacks who took a lot longer than that to get the freedom to run a club that I had, under Isbell, in my first year.

Isbell was fired after the fourth game of the second season I spent with the Colts. He was one of the best coaches and one of the best men I ever knew and I still hear from him now and then. When I was with the Giants he would watch me on television in a game and call me the next day with a suggestion on how to improve a call or tell me how I made a mistake, and he was always right.

He was just as good a coach in 1949 as he had been in 1948, but we got off to a miserable start—why, I don't honestly know. Sometimes you are snakebit and there is nothing you can do about it, and it was that kind of year.

That was the year the split T was big, and when Cecil was fired, Walter Driskill, who had been general manager, was made head coach. He had coached with Jim Tatum at Oklahoma and believed in the split T, and I was in almost the same position I was to be in later at San Francisco. I was not a split T quarterback. For that reason the coach did not think much of me, and I sat on the bench.

The next year and a half nearly destroyed all the confidence Isbell had instilled in me. We did not get any better under Driskill than we had been under Isbell. There is only a narrow gap between a good football club and a bad one, and a new coach very often widens that gap instead of closing it. He reshuffles personnel, installs new systems and different ideas and it takes a long time for a club to recover its balance. Then failure stamps failure on your mind and you begin to expect to lose.

When the old All-America Conference went under between the 1949 and the 1950 seasons and Baltimore was taken into the NFL, we became a swing team playing an impossible schedule. Instead of playing home-and-home schedules in our own division, we played every club in each division once.

This, of course, posed a very tough

problem, since you faced a new team each week and had to study new defenses. Except for San Francisco's and Cleveland's these were completely new to us. We had never seen any NFL club on the field before.

You could expect us to be bad under the circumstances, and we were. Then the Colts dissolved, and I was thrown into the draft and picked by the San Francisco 49ers at the end of the 1950 season. I was happy to be with a team that had a chance to win the title.

It might seem funny for a quarterback to feel good about going to a club with an established quarterback like San Francisco's Frank Albert, but I didn't mind. Originally I had been drafted by Cleveland, but before I could worry much about competing with Otto Graham for a job I was sent to Baltimore in a league move to help out the weak sisters. The situation was a little different in San Francisco. Frank Albert was the heart of the 49ers, but he was older than I was, and Tony Morabito, who was the owner of the team, had assured me that I would get a chance to play. Tony was an honest and forthright man and I trusted him. I was right to do so.

I played a little in my first year with the 49ers—not as much as I would have liked to. It was a little tough to learn the offense, since Buck Shaw was as relaxed a coach as I have ever seen. We went out to practice my first afternoon with the club and Buck said, "O.K., fellows, let's run some plays." I didn't know any plays because I hadn't been given any. I found out that the 49ers played football for fun and often Albert would invent plays in the huddle. When he felt like it he would pull Leo Nomellini, the All-Pro 250-pound tackle, out of the line and let him carry the ball from fullback on a play he called 31 Nomo. Nomo got murdered, but he liked it and it relaxed the club.

I learned a lot from Albert. I can't say he was friendly to me when I joined the club; it's funny, but the older you get as a player the less friendly you are to the rookies coming up at your position. Albert and I have been good friends since we left the 49ers, but we weren't then.

What I learned from Frank I learned unbeknownst to him and, I guess, unbeknownst to me at the time. For Frank, football was completely a game of feeling. Defenses were less complicated in

continued



Every little scambler Frank Albert (53) competed with Tittle for the job of quarterback at San Francisco, then took over the 49ers as head coach.

1951 than they are these days. Most clubs played the old Eagle defense, with a five-man line. They might slant one way or another or use a red dog, but they were basically the same. That was when I found out that football does not really have to be complicated. Frank never bothered much about the defenses. He ran the club emotionally. The game was himself. He made the club feel the way he felt and he did things from instinct, not frequency charts. I am not saying you could play it that way today, but I am sure Albert would be a great quarterback today, no matter how the defenses were rigged.

Once when I was going in for Frank I asked him what defense the other club had been in.

"How should I know?" was Frank's reply.

Every player on the club could be himself with Frank running the show. He had a feeling for building momentum, and once the momentum was established and he had conned everyone into feeling as strong as he did himself even the inferior players would fall into line and play almost as well as Frank had convinced they could play.

The way Frank played football it was a relaxed game. Buck Shaw felt the

same way, and I think I had more fun playing football from 1951 to 1954 with San Francisco under Shaw and with Frank than I did before or after. Shaw could create a relaxed mood at practice during the week because he was a very gentle, friendly man who never raised his voice to his players. He was successful with this method and it made the 49ers a happy club. I don't want to get into any arguments about how you should coach; some very tough coaches have been successful, too. But it's a lot more fun with the relaxed winners than with the tough winners.

What Shaw could do during the week Albert could do during a game. He created the mood he wanted in a thousand different ways. I have tried since to do the same thing with ball clubs, but I was never one-two with Frank at it.

Funny thing about Frank, he could not throw the ball very well. It was as apt to go end over end as to spiral. But Frank got his passes to the receivers.

Frank was the first of the great scramblers and maybe the best. I got a reputation during my career for running a bootleg pass well, but Frank was the best bootlegger I ever saw. He loved to run the bootleg and he used it to change the psychological feel of a game. At a tough

time he would hide the ball on his hip and take off, and though everyone on the other team had been warned to watch out for the Albert bootleg he would get away with it and gain five or 10 yards.

The five or 10 yards might not mean much at that particular time, but the fact that Albert had worked the bootleg had an unsettling effect on the defense and gave the 49ers a big lift. Frank was right in thinking that pro football is an emotional game. He used that knowledge to better advantage than any other quarterback I have seen.

Frank had a bagful of tricks. Once he even talked Shaw into letting Niemelinen return a kickoff. It wasn't much of a kickoff return, but it sure loosened the ball club up.

There was one man Frank had no intention of keeping loose. Me. When I came to the 49er camp at Menlo Park in 1951 he wasn't about to help anyone take his job away from him. He let me know that early. I asked him to explain something about one of our plays, and he grinned at me.

"You forget you're after my job," he said, and walked away. He never forgot.

Frank was the leader of the team, and he was the quarterback most of that first

season. I got in some games late in the year and managed to get Buck Shaw angry—one of the few times I have ever seen him that way—by making a thoughtless crack to a newspaperman.

I had gone in for Albert late in a game with the New York Yankees in San Francisco and I completed a touchdown pass to win it with only minutes left. As a matter of fact, I overthrew my intended receiver and another 49er picked the ball off, but I didn't mention that at the time. Two weeks later we played the Yanks in New York, and we were tied with them 10 all with a couple of minutes to go, when Shaw put me in again.

I hit Gordy Soltau with a pass on the Yank 15 that would have put us within easy field-goal range, but Gordy tried to lateral and the Yanks recovered and ran out the clock.

Later, in the dressing room, one of the San Francisco writers sympathized with me.

"You came close, Yai," he said. "I'm not an easy loser, anytime. Let the good losers play for other teams. I was upset about not winning this game, and I said, 'You can't expect me to do it every week with two minutes left to go!'"

There are some members of the press who have a real gift for embroidery. I should not have said what I did, but it was built up into a major criticism of Shaw for not playing me more and the 49ers for not throwing more. Naturally, this made a big story in San Francisco.

When we got back to San Francisco, Shaw pointed out to me the error of my ways. It was not a long interview, but it was a memorable one. But when I left his office, it was all over just as if it had never happened.

The next year I split time with Albert down the middle. He played the first and third quarters and I played the second and fourth and we won five games in a row that way. It is not a system I recommend; it is impossible to split the responsibility of quarterbacking without splitting the loyalties of fans, writers and, most important, players. It may be subconscious on the part of the players, but it has to be there. The Rams tried it with Waterfield and Van Brocklin for a while and it worked, but only briefly.

At any rate, we blew the 1952 season. According to the experts, this was due to one play, which, if it had worked, might just as easily have made the year. Instead

it changed the momentum of a game we were winning and started us sliding steadily downhill.

The play came up in our sixth game of the year: after five straight victories we were leading the Chicago Bears 17-10. We had fourth down and fairly short yardage from about our 30-yard line, and Frank went back to punt. Frank liked to run in this kind of situation and the Bears knew it. He thought he saw a hole this time, took off with the ball and was tackled short of the first down. The Bears went in and scored, kicked a field goal later and won 20-17.

"He has won a lot of games doing that," was all Shaw said. He was right, of course.

Albert retired after that season. He had been the No. 1 quarterback every day of his career with the 49ers, and I don't think his pride would allow him to share the job with me.

So in 1953, for the first time since I came into the NFL, I was the quarterback. I played nearly all the way, and we won nine games and lost three. Detroit won 10 and lost two and nosed

us out for the division championship.

It was in 1953 that I got what was probably the most painful injury I have ever had playing football. I should have learned a lesson from it but I never did, because almost every injury I have had has come from making this same mistake—running with the ball.

I ran a hootleg from the Detroit five-yard line and made the touchdown. Just as I got over the goal line, Jack Christensen grabbed me by the arm and popped the whip with me and I got Jim David's knee in my face. David at one time had a reputation as a hatchet man, but I looked at movies of the play later and this was definitely an accident.

The impact shattered my cheekbone and I was in the hospital a week. Since that time I have had a concussion, a partially collapsed lung, a badly cut face and an assortment of other injuries, and each time I was hurt it was because I tried to run with the ball. Quarterbacks almost never get hurt passing. Sure, we get hit hard, but usually we get hit high. The defensive linemen are taught to come in high and tackle high to keep you from

Continued



Low-keyed Coach Buck Shaw was liked by the players and had their loyalty, but he never brought home a championship with the San Francisco 49ers

getting the ball away. We get bear-hugged and slammed to the ground, but that is not what hurts you. A quarterback running with the ball is the most vulnerable player in football. Few of us are good runners, and we don't know what to look for. While we are concentrating on a linebacker in front of us, somebody comes from the blind side and—blooey!—scratch one quarterback.

That is why I don't think pro football needs more rules to protect the quarterback. He does not get hurt doing what he is usually paid to do. Anyway, this is a contact sport; there is no way to take the violence out of it.

We started the 1954 season with one of the best football teams I have ever played on and ended it with a 7-4-1 record and the coach fired. I don't want to dwell too much on ancient history hut, as often happens, injuries wrecked a good club. It got so bad finally that we had John Henry Johnson, one of the best runners in football, playing defensive halfback. I broke my left hand, and Arnold Gahifa, the other quarterback, broke his right hand.

So the era of Buck Shaw ended. I think he got a bad shake. He had to be a miracle worker to win seven games with the makeshift club he had on the field most of the year, but Tony Morabito thought, along with everyone else, that we would at last win a championship, especially after we won seven exhibition games in a row. If you lose when the owner is convinced that you will win someone has to go, and it is always the coach—or the quarterback.

Under Buck Shaw the 49ers had been known as the country club of the West, and I suppose Tony wanted to destroy that image for us, as well as for everyone else in the league. He hired Red Strader, who was as strict and carefully organized as Buck had been permissive and relaxed.

One of Strader's principal assistants was Red Hickey, who had been a Ram coach. Hickey couldn't have agreed more with Strader's philosophy. We used to joke that we went from country club to concentration camp. Team morale suffered. In 1955 we won four and lost eight, and Strader told Morabito that this was a fair measure of the talent on the club, although it was essentially the same team that had gone nine and three in 1953 and 7-4-1 in 1954. So Morabito fired

Strader and made Frank Albert, who had been an assistant under Strader, the head coach. Maybe he thought Frank would go back to the old relaxed days, but it did not quite work out that way.

In Frank's mind, I suppose, was the old idea that the 49ers were always the bridesmaids and never the bride. That had been true for four years in the AAC when Paul Brown's wonderful Cleveland machines won every year. In these days there were the happy-go-lucky second-place 49ers and the businesslike champion Browns, and Frank decided to change the image of the 49ers to one as near the Browns as he could manage.

When Albert was a quarterback I doubt that it ever occurred to Buck Shaw to send a play in to him. Frank, as I have said, was a feel quarterback. When he began to feel pressure from a defensive line—something only the quarterback on the field is in a position to pick up immediately—he would instinctively call a draw, or whatever he thought would defeat the pressure. If the defenses were outside, he went inside. If they played tight, he went deep. Not because the playbook or the frequency chart said so, but simply because Frank felt it in his bones.

As a coach he completely changed his philosophy. For the first half of the season he called the plays from the sidelines. Once, with fourth and one on the other team's 45-yard line and with the stands howling, "Go, go, go!" at the top of their lungs, he sent in the punting team.

"If you had been the quarterback, would you have punted?" a writer asked him after the game.

"No," said Frank, "but it is different when you are a coach."

Albert changed again, though. At mid-season he began to think like Albert the player. The club responded by winning four of six games and set the stage for the most successful 49er season of all—1957.

That was also my best year in pro football up to that time. I led the league in passing and won the Most Valuable Player award. But it was a sad year, too. Tony Morabito died during the first half of a game with the Chicago Bears; we heard about it in the dressing room at the half. We sat for 15 minutes in silence and then went out and beat the Bears. We were behind 17-7 when we were told about Tony, and we won 21-17 in two

of the most emotional quarters of football I have ever played.

We tied the Detroit Lions for the division championship, and we came from behind to win at least six of the eight games we won. A lot of that was due to a kid from Idaho named R.C. Owens and a play that developed accidentally in practice when someone bumped my arm as I was about to throw the ball. The ball popped straight up into the air and came down in a nest of defensive backs and R.C. jumped two feet higher than anyone else to catch it, and that is how the Alley Oop pass play began. R.C. had been in a free rebounder on his basketball team in college, with tremendous lift and timing. He would go down deep to the outside and I would throw a high fly deep inside him. The defensive back would camp under the ball, waiting for the interception, and at the last minute R.C. would cut in front of him and outjump him for the ball. It wasn't very scientific, but the fans loved it and it worked over and over again.

We led the Lions 24-7 in the playoff game in San Francisco early in the third quarter, then failed to get a touchdown from their nine in four plays. They marched right back down the field and scored on us and changed the whole feel of the game and beat us 31-27.

It is an odd thing. Once you lose the power or the initiative in a game you seldom regain it. You can holler and encourage each other as much as you like on the bench and on the field, but when you let go the whip hand, you have had it.

As I look back, 1957 was the high point of my life with the 49ers. Albert lasted through the 1958 season, then Red Hickey took over. That was the beginning of the end for me.

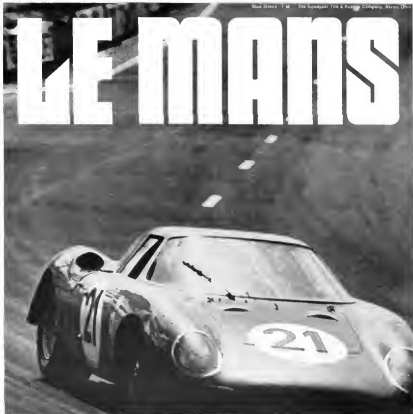
A lot of people have knocked Red, but I think he was a smart football man. He never let you wonder how you stood; he had what I would call a strong personality. He wasn't one of my fans, but he didn't care what the players thought of him either.

"All I want is 100%," he said, "and a willing disregard of the consequences."

NEXT WEEK

In Part 2 Tittle tells of his hard times with the 49ers under Red Hickey and then of his great years with the New York Giants

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THE RACE THAT BROKE THE BIRD

by ROBERT N. BAVIER JR.

A racing sailor's shoptalk is often as uncomprehensible to a landlubber as the clatter of the tack room is to those unfamiliar with horse racing. Yet in any race, over land or over water, the problem of getting to the finish line ahead of a desperate rival is the same. When the race is a close one, the tension, the suspense, the thrill of winning and the heart-break of losing are comprehensible in any language.

On these pages, as technical as any sailor could wish yet with a dramatic intensity that is certain to stir partially baffled landlubbers, one of America's foremost racing sailors describes the contest pictured above. It was the fifth race in the final series to pick a defender for the America's Cup a year ago. A month earlier the Bill Luders-designed 12, American Eagle, had secured a shoo-in. "Beat the Bird," was the battle cry at Newport then, but nobody thought it could be done. In race after race against Columbia, Nefertiti and Olin Stephens' new Constellation, Eagle had been victorious. Then, in a gesture both wise and sporting, Eric Rudder, Constellation's skipper and part owner, appointed Bob Butler, an old rival of Eagle's skipper Bill Cox, to take his place at the helm of the Stephens boat. Suddenly the legend of the Bird's invincibility began to fade, and on the day this race was sailed it flickered out entirely.

As we threaded our way out to the start through the spectator fleet of more than 100 boats I went forward to join our foredeck gang, Buddy Bombard, veteran of two cup campaigns, Dick Goennel and Fenny Johnson. Their small talk was doing a pretty fair job of quelling the butterflies that always come to me before a big race, when I noticed the committee boat dropping anchor. It was 11:30, half an hour before our scheduled start. Time to go aft and check the line and wind direction. "Dazzle 'em at the start, Reynard!" was Buddy's parting remark. "Sure, no problem at all," I answered weakly.

Back in the cockpit Eric Rudder, Rod Stephens and I had a brief conference on which job to start with. If the present 7-knot wind held, it would be three-ounce weather. A knot or two more and we would need the five-ounce. We decided to gamble on the three-ounce, hoping it would give us an early jump before the wind increased.

Right on the dot of 11:40 a gun was fired and course signals were hoisted smartly on the committee boat. *Africa*, Course 225°, they said, indicating the direction of the first mark, 4½ miles upwind. I climbed over the traveler horse and took the wheel. Eric muttered, "Go



RICHARD MEIX

get 'em, Bob," and took his station by the backstay winches.

"Check the intercom, Rod," I said, more to have something comfortable to think about than because of any real need. There was something cheery about hearing Buddy's voice crackle through from the bow: "Hear you loud and clear. How are things on the dry end?"

Word was passed forward about our jib choice. "Lead No. 26," I called to Don Wakeman, who was setting the genoa slide in that very hole.

"Five-ounce No. 2 in the chute, Buddy," Rod called forward on the intercom, "and make sure the three-quarter-ounce 45 is ready." The three-quarter-ounce 45 was our favorite spinnaker for this weight of wind. Seven other spinnakers were also ready, but Rod's warning gave the foredeck gang some indication of priority so that the 45 would be one of four most accessible to the hatch the chutes were set out of.

Constellation felt lively as we reached back and forth below the line. *Eagle* was keeping her distance off beyond the leeward extension. My mouth was getting dry. "Got some gum, Steve?" I asked, and Steve Van Dyck, our 21-year-old coffee-grinder tailer and spinnaker sheet man, produced two sticks.

Our watches showed the 10-minute gun approaching. They were stopped and reset to zero in order to time the gun exactly. We saw the smoke and a split second later heard the gun's bang. Rod hollered, "Ten minutes." *Eagle* was off beyond the busy end of the line and tacking back toward us as we cleared the committee boat and reached for a spot 100 yards to leeward of the buoy. In a bit more than a minute, if both boats held course, we should meet about 100 yards to leeward of the line and near its midpoint. Just right for position, I thought, but if we hook up there it will mean nearly eight minutes of exhausting tacking. I decided to do it anyway. "We'll hook up as we come together," I shouted so all could hear. No complaints even by a glance. All hands knew these races were for real, and I especially wanted to start the all-important circling process at the midpoint of the line, where there was less chance of being blocked should *Eagle* get on our tail.

The next minute was the hard one. Little to do except think and chew gum as the two boats closed. I bore off slightly in hopes of getting farther to leeward of *Eagle* so we could sharpen up later and end our approach on a higher than reciprocal course. No dice. Bill Cox, as expected, bore off to an exact reciprocal.

Now *Eagle* was only 100 yards ahead, and we were closing at a combined rate of 12 knots. "Break jib," I called, and Bob Connell and Fred Kulicke spun the coffee-grinders. The jib stops broke, and the big sail snapped full with a dull pop. *Eagle's* jib broke out seconds later. The speedometers showed speed increasing gradually—6.1, 6.3. Then, just as we came bow to bow with *Eagle*, over 7.

Now was the crucial moment. If we timed our swing just right we would get on *Eagle's* tail. Just as the bows overlapped I spun the wheel. Cox spun *Eagle's* at the same instant. We shot head to wind, the jib slotted over, the coffee-grinders spun and all sails snapped full. Meanwhile *Eagle* completed her jibe and was exactly where we had been 20 seconds before. We were still all even.

I eased the helm to let *Constellation* gain headway before jibing and, keeping one eye on *Eagle*, the other on the speedometer, hollered for the man to be eased. *Eagle* was trimming her own main furiously, sharpening up and no longer on an exact reciprocal course. "Don't rush it, Bob," I told myself. Better to bear off

slowly and then spin through the jibe with full headway. Six knots on the speedometer. Fast enough. "Ease main," I shouted and spun the wheel hard over. Larry Scheu rushed aft to help Rod pull the three-part main sheet over in two great heaves. No need to run the sheet through blocks in this weight of wind. She came faster if jibed all standing. As the boom swung over, great flights of mainsheet snuck across the cockpit, dropping in the water for a second before the sail filled on the new tack and the sheet was snapped taut.

"Now trim!" I shouted—as though it were necessary to tell this crew what to do. Larry was already tacking, as Fenny heaved the main in hand over hand. Dick Goennel and Buddy had the winch handle in place, ready to grind her in.

The sheet was sucking through the blocks, but oh to have it even faster! *Constellation* was ready to go, go higher, but she had to wait for the main. Now the sheet was on the winch, Fenny still grappling with it. Bob Connell, on the coffee-grinder, kept the genoa full as we slowly arched closer to the wind. Seven knots now and nearly on the wind. Time to spin her over again. No words were needed. As we eased into the wind, Don Wakeman let the genoa back for an instant to accelerate our swing, then cast off the leeward sheet. It was Steve's turn

continued



BEFORE THE START *Eagle* (E1) reached away to gain headway, turned and headed for the line (E2, E4) at more than 6 knots while *Constellation* (C1, C2, C3, C4) approached in short tacks.

now to put out as he grabbed fathoms after fathom of line to bring the big jib around. Freddy started furling at the coffee-grinder. Larry watched, ready to ease main as soon as it was full.

"One minute 10 seconds, Bob," said Eric, announcing the time it had taken us to complete one circle. That meant that with five minutes 10 seconds still to go we had time for two more circles. Meanwhile *Eagle* had managed to gain on us ever so slightly. As we passed, instead of being on reciprocal courses she was perhaps 10' closer to being on our tail than we to hers.

There were less than three minutes left as we completed our third circle. "What do you think of going for it after jibing?" I queried. "Yes," was Rod's only comment. "O.K.," said Eric. The success of the start might well hinge on this decision, since we could be early at the line if we jibed and went for it full bore.

We made a slower jibe than usual to get a bit farther from the line, and once the sail came over I hollered, "Slow trim," a welcome order to Fenry. "Now," I thought, "if only *Eagle* will jibe in our wake. We can kill enough way to keep from being early, and if she attempts to pass we'll speed up and force her over the line early."

No such luck. Instead of jibing, *Eagle* reached away from the line. It was obvious she would tack for the windward end and have full headway at the gun. We could have reached off for the leeward end and crossed with full way, too, but I hated to be separated from *Eagle* by the full length of the line. "Trim hard," I shouted to Fenry, who gave me a what-the-hell-now look as he grabbed the sheet, "Ready about," and two seconds later, "Hard alee," followed by, "Trim for on the wind." My plan was to approach the committee-boat end on port tack, then cross on starboard tack hoping to get a safe leeward position.

We took forever to gain headway. I could see *Eagle* tacking on our leeward bow and a moment later reaching directly for us, flat out. We were still only up to 6 knots. Can't wait any longer or *Eagle* will overrun us. "Forty-five seconds," Rod called. I spun the wheel and tacked. With 30 seconds to go, we were on the wind, down to 4.8 knots and with *Eagle* on our weather quarter with a bone in her teeth. Since she was a length to windward of us we couldn't slow her down by backwind. Would we pick up headway



AT THE FIRST MARK *Constellation* (C) took a potential advantage when she had to bear off and go astern of *Eagle* (B) before rounding.

fast enough to keep our wind clear? It would be close, and the whole race might hinge on it. My wish to be close had not included being close behind.

Twenty seconds to go, speed up to 6 knots, but *Eagle* still gaining and now just one length behind. "Two lengths from the line, closing fast," Buddy called over the intercom just as my watch read 15 seconds. Then, five seconds later, "Charge," our word for "Go for the line—you won't be early." *Eagle* was charging, too, overlapping us, her bow abreast of our cockpit and still creeping up. As usual, Cox had timed his start perfectly.

I squeezed against the cockpit coaming, watching the jib for the slightest break and called, "Ease three inches," to Don. Speed now over 7. A glance to windward showed *Eagle*'s bow was now abreast of our mast but no longer rushing past. "Bearing 285°, distance 30 yards," said Rod, keeping us posted on *Eagle*'s position. A minute later, "Bearing 283°, distance 35," meaning she had crept up a bit. Our speed was now 7.5 knots. Another minute later: "Bearing 285°, distance 40." Good. Now we could go to work. *Eagle* had edged us at the start, but we were safe and, while we would have preferred to be closer, we were in our favorite spot on her lee bow. Eric saw me chewing gum as if to tear it apart and offered me a cigarette. As I reached to grab it I could see *Eagle* dropping back

ever so slightly. "Trim jib," I said to Don. *Constellation* was dancing now, and our spinnakers danced, too, as Rod called, "Bearing 289°, distance same." A couple of minutes later it was 289°, distance 35, then 290° and 32, 295° and 30.

Time to squeeze up, I thought, and brought *Constellation*'s head slightly to windward. *Eagle*'s shadow marched up our deck, then passed. Squeeze a bit more. Our speed dropped to 6.5, but still *Eagle*'s shadow hung. She was squeezing, too, trying to keep clear of our backwind but not liking to sail so high. Then her shadow started creeping aft, and a glance to windward showed her bow opposite our wheel. We had her!

Eagle's tack came as I was watching. We held on for a length, then arched slowly through the eye of the wind, and on to port tack. "Wide trim," I told Steve, who was tacking the genoa, while Rod called to Larry to ease the main. *Eagle* had eased even more and was going hell-bent to the west. In a few moments we were up to 7.8 knots. *Eagle* had sagged off and was a good three lengths to leeward, with our bow almost overlapping her stern. We eased the jib a few more inches and as we did could see *Eagle* trimming slightly. Bearing 290°, distance 80; then 295°, 80; 300°, 80, 305°, 82. Rod reached over the side and gave *Constellation*'s topside a couple of love taps.

We were abreast of *Eagle* when she tacked—a bit earlier than I had anticipated. In hopes of blanketing I swung too fast. We wound up almost, but not quite, on her wind. The quick swing had killed our way. *Eagle* tacked back, and this time we held until we had good headway and gained nicely when we came around. There were two lengths of water between us as she crossed our stern on the next tack, but now *Eagle* was out of phase and we could no longer tack on her. No matter, I thought, we were easing out ahead ever so slightly on each tack, and with half an hour gone *Constellation* was looking mighty good. Then it happened. *Eagle* had tacked onto port, and as we crossed her bow by five lengths we ran into a real flat spot—3 or 4 knots at best. Speed was over 7 knots, but as we tacked on *Eagle*'s weather bow we dropped down to 4 knots. We eased everything but just didn't have enough headway to pick up more than 5 knots in the dying breeze. In a couple of minutes the wind came

back, but by then *Eagle* had driven through.

Later that evening, when I had time to contemplate, it dawned on me that no matter what the tactical situation called for it was sudden death to tack a big heavy 12 to cover in the middle of a hole in the wind. All I realized at the time was that our comfortable lead had evaporated in two minutes' time and we were behind a boat that had shown every sign of going slower. I was mad, mad only at myself, and even madder thereby. Here we were, halfway up the weather leg and behind, while *Eagle* was off to the west of us with every likelihood of the wind shifting to her advantage.

When she came about we were unable to cross but managed to get a safe leeward. *Eagle* tacked clear. Next time we came together we were again unable to cross. I realized later that I had not reckoned with the westerly wind shift that kept *Eagle* almost even with us.

Approaching the mark on port tack as we came together for the third time, we had gained almost enough to cross. For a moment I thought we could, but Rod, who had been taking bearings, fairly shouted, "Go under." He later admitted he too thought we could cross, but we had a long-standing agreement that unless we were sure we would never press matters in the early stage of a race. After all, we still had five legs to go: two reaches, another beat, a run and a final beat for a total of 24.3 miles.

continued



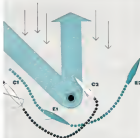
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A QUICK TACK by *Contrailion* (C) after jibing around the third mark took *Eagle* (E) by surprise and gave *Contrailion* a short-lived advantage, which *Eagle* very soon wiped out.



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THE BIRD continued

I was pretty mad at myself as we rounded the weather mark 12 seconds behind at the end of four and a half miles of sailing.

The wind had increased on the first reach and we were making 9 knots on the speedometer. But we were not making or losing an inch on *Eagle*. Both boats flew down the leg as one, locked together, with a length of open water between. Round the mark, we both ried perfectly with neither of our big chutes collapsing for as much as an instant. On the second reach we held a bit high and gained slightly as *Constellation* drew up on *Eagle*'s quarter, but lost it back as we bore off for the mark. Things didn't look too promising as we rounded 17 seconds behind.

We had doused our chute just before, and as we rounded I called forward, "Tell me when we can tack." The reply was instantaneous: "Ready to tack." It didn't seem possible our crew could have cleared up the mess of lines so fast but, because they had, we swung around the buoy on port tack and instantly tacked over to starboard into clear air. *Eagle* tacked immediately afterward.

We were bow to bow now, but with *Constellation* two lengths to leeward. Even worse, as we ran into the slop from the spectator fleet, she felt dead and looked it, too, as *Eagle* drove past.

We were still a length to leeward when we reached the lay line. *Eagle* overstood on purpose, waiting for us to tack and hoping to pounce on us. On and on we went, gaining ever so slightly, but all would hinge on whether we could manage clear air on the opposite tack.

Rod, Eric and I decided on a sneak tack. We passed the word forward quietly, and I spun the wheel hard before a man had moved. *Eagle* was ready and tacked almost with us. We had clear air and were fetching, but could we hold it? *Eagle*'s bow was nearly half a length in front, and as we drove off below the mark she drove off with us. Rod and Eric both screamed at her to keep up. I piped up, too, but the damage was done. We had to come up to make the mark and, as we did, *Eagle* was directly on our wind. She was a long-looking seven lengths and 45 seconds ahead as she rounded the mark but, thank God, she was setting the pole to starboard, as we expected she would.

We could see the seas from the spectator fleet rolling *Eagle* about ahead of us

and collapsing her spinnaker as she squared off for the leeward mark. Our three-quarter-ounce 45 chute blossomed out to port, and we held a good 30" high to get moving. And move we did. Within minutes we had halved the distance between us as *Eagle* jibed to cover, then sought to get out of our wind shadow. There were only two lengths between us as *Eagle* dropped her chute and prepared to jibe. "We'll carry our chute to the mark and take it down to starboard as we jibe," was the word we passed forward. We had practiced this maneuver all summer and occasionally were able to douse, jibe and then tack almost in one fluid motion. This time, however, it had to work.

The spinnaker was still partly up as the main boom swung over and our bow passed the mark. Lines were everywhere as we swung through the wind. *Constellation* was festooned with a veritable bucket of worms, but we were clear, and we had gained.

During the run our council of war had resulted in a decision to short-tack repeatedly on the final leg in hopes of wearing *Eagle* down. As long as we could gain or hold even, we would tack and keep on tacking. But first we had to keep from being blanketed as *Eagle* tacked on top. "Three quick ones," I called and then brought her up in the wind. *Eagle* was ready and tacked right on us, but no sooner had we filled away than we tacked back. *Eagle* held on to gather headway, and when she tacked to starboard we tacked almost instantly to port.

We were going slow now, a little more than 4 knots, and *Eagle* had opened up a four-length lead by waiting for headway before tacking. We had traded two lengths for being on the opposite tack, but from here on she could never tack on us provided we tacked at the same instant.

Less than a minute later *Eagle* was tacking again. "Hard alee," I called and slowly, ever so slowly, I brought our head up. We had regained full speed by now and I knew that *Constellation* loved a long, loping tack. The eastoff was perfect, we shot into the wind, lazily swung off as Bob Connell, Freddy, Larry and Fenny pawed the deck, spun the linked coffee-grinders and had her sheeted fully home just as we reached a full and by course. Our speed had dropped only from 8 knots to 6.5 during the tack and

continued



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we had shot well up to windward.

Rod had the stadimeter going and called, "A hundred thirty yards," as we crossed *Eagle's* stern. A bad margin, but we knew we had gained. She tacked square on our wind, and we tacked away again, our men grunting and grunting at the winches, the trailer flailing at the genoa sheet. "A hundred twenty yards," Rod *fairly* shouted as we crossed the next time. Three and a half miles to go! We could catch them yet.

The tacks were coming every minute or two now. Buddy and Duck were taking their turns at the coffee-grinders while two of their men grabbed a rest. I began to wonder just how much more they could take. "How you guys doing?" I shouted. "Give us a hundred more," bellowed Bob Connell, who had never been spelled. They heard Rod calling ranges of 110, 100, 90, 83, 75 and finally 55 yards. They could look ahead at the ever-closing gap.

Three miles to go. Up ahead I could see Bill Cox crouching lower and lower over his wheel, casting quick glances to leeward as he crossed us, glancing at the main, the seas to windward and back again to us. Always back to us. I saw him swing up sharply this time—too sharply. He was making the same mistake I had made on the first windward leg. Sure enough, as we swung through our tack I could see *Eagle* full and by on her main with her genoa still not sheeted home. "Slow and easy now, Bob," I muttered half aloud. "Thirty-five yards," hollered Rod.

On the next tack we were still closer, too close for Rod to get stadimeter readings. Still he held it up, appeared to take a reading and, facing toward *Eagle*, shouted, "Another 10 yards, Bob." On the next tack it was, "Cut it in half again, Bob." It dawned on me these readings were not for me but for Bill Cox, to give him all possible worry.

A moment later we matched *Eagle's* tack and drove off onto port tack. She was crossing us by less than a length, and *Constellation* was smashing through the seas, throwing spray and exuding power. We were up to 8 knots as *Eagle* crossed us—too close to tack on top.

"This time we hold," I shouted, not caring if *Eagle* heard. The crew dropped on deck like so many logs, their faces trained on *Eagle* as she tacked broad off our weather bow. We were abeam when she was sheeted home and we were fly-



EAGLE WAS AHEAD (E1, C1) after they rounded for the final beat—the stretch run—but by the 11th tack *Constellation* had made up half the deficit (E2, C2), and nearly two miles from the finish (E3, C3) she caught up.

ing. "All full," our crew shouted and then, "Bye-bye," accompanied by eight hands waving at our desperate foe. We all knew this was it, all knew we would drive through and stay there.

Eagle hung on grimly, but in one minute 15 seconds that seemed like an hour we squeezed up under her bow, forced her to tack and followed just a moment later. There were about two miles to go and we led by only 50 feet, but *Constellation* was moving.

No one said much during that last couple of miles. Rod and I both gave *Constellation* a loving pat, but when we crossed at 17:36:36 the spectator fleet tore the air apart. *Constellation's* crew leaped into the cockpit howling like wolves, grabbing at my hand, at Eric's, at Rod's, pounding each other, and all 11 of us talked, shouted and screamed at once.

We were quiet when *Eagle* crossed a minute and eight seconds later, then broke into a rousing cheer as the spectator horns spoke again with equal volume. On *Eagle* the crewmen slowly got to their feet, lowered jib and walked unsmilingly about.

Suddenly I felt tired. For over four hours I hadn't noticed the slightest fatigue. Now my knees were literally shaking, and as I sat on deck, feet draped into the cockpit, I found it hard to draw an even breath. A moment later, with a beer in hand, I began reliving the past four and a half hours, all compressed into a minute's thought. The many mistakes I had made on that first leg flashed before me, the long chase condensed itself into seconds and finally, as I thought of that last leg, I found myself smiling.

Suddenly I realized that the long uphill battle of the summer was all but over. Suddenly my fear of *Eagle* and Bill Cox seemed to float away. Bill, except on that last leg, had sailed an almost flawless race. I had not, but we had never given up, never cracked and finally had done what had to be done. I would not likely make the same mistakes again. Bill could hardly expect to sail again so well. And both *Constellation* and her crew could be counted on when the going got toughest.

Rod looked at me quizzically as he caught me smiling to myself, perhaps not realizing that it was at that very moment I knew it was only a matter of time before we would be chosen to defend the America's Cup. **END**



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Casey Stengel's current hospitalization with a fractured hip (below) recalled another year Of Case was unable to perform managerial duties, back when he was skipping the Boston Braves. The Braves that year were almost as helpless a collection of mediocrity and worse as today's Mets. The nearer it came to Opening Day, the clearer it became that they might be lucky to finish last. The day before the season opened, Stengel got hit by an automobile and landed in the hospital. **Frankie Frisch**, managing the Pirates, decided to cheer Casey up with a telegram: "Your attempt at suicide fully understood," Frisch wired. "Deepest sympathy you didn't succeed." Casey sat on that one until Opening Day two seasons later, when Frisch's Pirates played Cincinnati A tight game, it appeared to be won when Pittsburgh's Jim Russell slammed a ball deep into the right-field bleachers

with teammate **Frankie Zak** on first. It didn't count. Just as **Bucky Walters** delivered the pitch, Zak had called time out and bent over to tie his shoelaces. At the hotel that night, Frisch got a telegram. "Am rushing pair of button shoes for Zak," said the wire.

It may no longer be necessary for Pennsylvania shotgun owners to ask permission of Governor **William Scranton** each time they fire a shot. The Pennsylvania House of Representatives finally got around to voting for repeal of a law passed in 1751 requiring just that. Although Scranton's desk has not been noticeably cluttered by requests from hunters, he will be just as happy to have the statute voided. The law, incidentally, was intended to discourage colonial householders from firing a shotgun up a chimney to clean it out.

Because 7-foot basketball players are not as common as grass, not even in Kentucky, **Coach Peck Hickman** of the University of Louisville was almost ready to take a chance on the big, quick—and awfully thick—recruit. Hickman called the large young man in for the usual coachly heart-to-heart, stressing the necessity of a college education and stressing even harder the need for good grades, at least good enough to stay eligible. After an hour's nonstop sermon, Hickman stopped for breath, smiled confidently and asked, "Now, son, what is it you're going to need most of all?" "Coach," came the instantaneous answer, "I need a motorcycle."

Nobody around the U.S. Army's firing range in Augsburg, Germany was much surprised when the marksman kept pumping bullets into the target's bull's-eye. The shooter, after all, was **Wyatt Earp**. Earp, an 18-year-old private from Jacksonville, Ill., and a descendant of the old Tombstone gunslinger, had already taken a lot of joshing. Enough, in fact, so that he has

made up his mind about one thing: no son of his will ever be named Wyatt.

Well, now, if you haven't heard that **Billy the Kid** was just about the best high jumper that ever lived, you purely don't know your western legends. That one is just starting to get wide circulation from New Mexico ranchers, some of them descendants of participants in the Lincoln County Cattle War. They have constructed a folk pageant, *The Last Escape of Billy the Kid*, around this prowess and now stage it annually at the old Lincoln County Courthouse. Oldtimers, they say, have claimed for years that when The Kid came up to a gate, loaded down with pistol, two cartridge belts and rifle, he would jump over it—boots, spurs and all—instead of opening it. The way the ranchers tell it, when Billy was finally caught and jailed in the courthouse, Deputy J. W. Bell used to take him out for exercise in manacles and leg irons. One day The Kid told the soldiers who came over from Fort Stanton to gawk at him that he could beat any of them high-jumping just as he was. He took them on one at a time, falling all over and sending everybody into spasms. When the deputy finally doubled over from hilarity, Billy jumped to his side, grabbed his gun and escaped.

Misfortunate dogs **Jim Marshall**, snapping at his heels. Wrong-way Marshall, who became a semilegendary figure as the pro football player who picked up a fumble and ran 66 yards to score a safety for his opponents, has since encountered a series of adversities. They range from shooting himself while unloading a pistol to taking the wrong plane on his way to receive the Beneath of the Year award. The other day at the Vikings' Bemidji summer camp Marshall again had to be rushed to the hospital. This time he had popped a grape into his mouth, and the grape had stuck in his throat.

Followers of University of Iowa athletic fortunes were moderately surprised by an Associated Press report that **Ralph Miller**, Hawkeye basketball coach, had won the G-modified division in a road race at Independence, Kans., driving a Lotus 7A. They were quick to believe, however, that an Iowa coach could win anywhere, and particularly in Big Eight territory. Besides, the news was in all the papers. The story had been used all over Iowa, despite some skeptics in sports departments, because circumstances lent it credibility. It was known that Miller was on vacation and that he had relatives in Wichita, 120 miles from Independence. It was also reasoned that Miller, a licensed pilot, was the type who might be interested in racing. Alas, when the Des Moines Register and Tribune, seeking an expanded story, ran down the auto-racing Miller he turned out to be an automobile dealer in Wichita. Coach Miller, finally located in Colorado, had only this to say: "I've made a lot of mistakes and have done a lot of foolish things, but driving a race car is not one of them."

While the **Queen Mother's** birthday was being celebrated with royal gun salutes and press accolades in London, the Queen Mum herself was about as far away as she could get without leaving the British Isles. The Castle of Mey is located six miles from John o' Groat's at the northeast tip of Scotland, and it is there that the Queen Mother, clad in rubber waders and an old floppy felt hat, goes to cast for salmon in the Thurso River.

Norcia, an Atlanta Class loop owned by New York mayoral candidate **John Lindsay** and skippered by **Evan Thomas**, son of former Socialist Presidential Candidate **Norman Thomas**, won its class race at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island. For whatever it may augur, Lindsay's yacht came from behind at the last mark to beat a former class champion.





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This handsome blue-green suit has two-way assurance of lasting neatness. The rich, ragged fabric is a brand-new blend of 90% "Dacron" polyester and 10% "Orlon" acrylic.



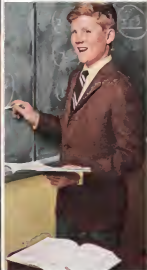
Crant on this bold, busy pattern is day in, night out shape through regular wear and washing. It's a light, warm, luxury-scented blend of 85% "Orlon" acrylic and 15% woolen.



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This button-down shirt can take plenty of punishment and still look fresh and neat. It's a wash-&-wear blend of 65% "Dacron" polyester, 35% combed cotton. And the fit is 100% "Dacron".



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A star is born—about 40 minutes too late

Cleveland muddled through to victory over the College All-Stars in Chicago, but not before Jet rookie John Huarte—who played only the last third of the game—thrilled the crowd with two touchdown passes

If one of Donald Duck's nephews had been there he presumably would have played ahead of John Huarte, too, and the 1965 College All-Stars would be forced to walk around today in false beards and dark glasses. Until Huarte—the Notre Dame quarterback for whom the New York Jets paid \$200,000 less than Joe Namath—finally got into the game against the Cleveland Browns last week in Chicago, the All-Star had looked like the most disappointing group of professional rookies since Phil Spitalny recruited his all-girl orchestra.

Before Huarte's spicy sidearm passing and slick ball-handling trimmed the Browns' winning margin down to 24-16, the situation was this: third quarter half-way gone, the rain still falling on Soldier Field, the Browns leading 24-3 despite more holding penalties than a man would draw on a date with Candy Bergen, and most television sets by now switched over to a Randolph Scott movie—or off.

At this point, the All-Stars looked as peopled and disinterested in the game as their coach, Otto Graham, had feared they might be. "They just don't seem very enthusiastic," said Otto at one of the last dreary practice sessions. "Either they're too cocky because of their big bonuses, or they simply would rather be in their own pro camps instead of here."

One thing was certain. They were not in the 32nd annual All-Star Game. They had not been able to move the football in any of the classical ways—particularly forward. Starting Quarterback Roger Staubach had run around some and had hit Fred Biletnikoff three times before Galeen Fiss sent him to the hospital. But the Browns doubled the coverage on the fine Florida State receiver, and that was that. Craig Morton, a classic drop-back passer who came in for Staubach after he was hurt, had done nothing more than drop back and fall

down. And Bob Hayes, the Olympic sprint champion who hopes to make it as a flanker with the Dallas Cowboys, had not been able to decide whether to run or not with a couple of punts and a pass. Which left inconclusive the matter of his ability to catch the ball. As one pro scout put it, "He's got 9.1 speed, but 12-flat hands."

The All-Stars had even committed one of football's most dreadful sins, that of allowing a punt to be blocked. It occurred when the collegians were backed up to their own 17-yard line and Tackle Archie Sutton forgot to enter the game to help protect the punter, Frank Lam-

bert. Cleveland's Jamie Caleb simply poured through the hole, smothered the kicker and then nonchalantly allowed teammate Stan Szuruk to recover the ball in the end zone for the touchdown that ultimately made the big difference in the game.

Only on defense did the All-Stars, in those first two and a half quarters, unveil any notable performers. One was Dick Butkus, the ferocious linebacker from Illinois. Though he guessed wrong frequently, he was everywhere, recovering nicely and slamming ballcarriers, even Jim Brown, around like toys.

"Butkus," said Graham later, "is pos-

continued



ILLINOIS' DICK BUTKUS (No. 50) hunkers into Cleveland interference to break up a play. The other hero of the game, Butkus drew praise as the best All-Star defensive man in a decade

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sibly the best All-Star I've had in camp in the whole 10 years I've coached the team." To which Cleveland Quarterback Frank Ryan added, "All I can say is I predict a long and illustrious career for Mr. Butkus."

The collegians also had a less heralded but no less aggressive defensive back named Al Nelson, from Cincinnati. Quick and full of instincts, Nelson looked like an NFL veteran in the secondary. He could be credited with intimidating the Browns' Gary Collins into dropping a touchdown pass in the end zone, with hitting Collins so hard once that Gary took a long, long time to get up and with making the spectacular diving tackle on a deep pass that resulted in a broken collarbone for Paul Warfield, putting Cleveland's swiftest receiver out for at least six weeks and no doubt making Coach Blanton Collier speculate whether the game is really necessary.

But Butkus and Nelson were not enough to keep the All-Stars in the game, even though Ryan was not sharp and had what he described aptly as "an inconceivably bad night," and the Browns drew constant offensive penalties. It remained for Huarte, who completed all of his first nine passes—and 10 of 13 for 137 yards and two touchdowns—to save the occasion. And in making the show a success he also made stars out of a lot of unlikely people—out of Chuck Mercein of Yale, the game's only Ivy Leaguer, out of Navy's Pat Donnelly, who won't even play pro football, and out of Oklahoma's Lance Rentzel, who up to game time could not beat out Fred Biletnikoff. Huarte did it by simply shaking the team to life and throwing the ball to somebody.

He threw dropping straight back, and he threw scrambling out to either side. He threw both short and long, with both a dry and wet ball, and always, invariably, to the open receiver. His pet targets were Mercein, Rentzel and Donnelly, and not his former Notre Dame teammate, Jack Snow, as everyone (especially the Browns) had figured.

Huarte concluded his first of two 80-yard scoring drives by somehow finding Mercein, hiding among a cluster of Browns in the end zone, and drilling the ball so firmly into his chest that even a Yale man couldn't drop it. His touchdown pass to Rentzel was also for only five yards, but it, too, was a gem. Lance had broken his pattern to get free, yet

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Huarte saw his move, darted around and whipped the ball to him.

"I don't know," said Dick Gallagher, the general manager of the Buffalo Bills and former assistant coach for the Cleveland Browns. "No one thinks the guy can throw good enough, but he reminds me of a young Bobby Layne. Not pretty, but accurate—and a leader."

Lance Rentzel talked about that leadership business.

"He has that indefinable quality called leadership," said the flanker who demonstrated that the Minnesota Vikings may have a pretty good find of their own. "John comes in the game knowing he's going to do well, and he does it. He makes you feel it, too."

The question to Otto Graham, of course, was how all this could be possible and the All-Star coach not know it after three weeks of preparations.

"All I can say is that John's a game player," Graham said. "His practices just weren't impressive. I judged Staubach's ability as ranging from exceptional to fantastic. And Morton looked tremendous throwing the ball. We went first with Roger because he could scramble, and we hoped he might wear down some of those big Brown linemen. Johnny simply wasn't as good in our workouts. I really rated him No. 4, even behind Bob Timberlake."

Many of the players themselves were talking about how disappointing Huarte had looked before the game. Among them, the worst prophet was Rice Linebacker Russell Wyatt, who said, "Johnny's a heck of a nice guy, but he's just not a passer."

Huarte's sidarm delivery and lack of concern for the perfect spiral combine to make him look like something less than the cover photo thrower.

"But you can't argue with accuracy," said Graham. "And I wouldn't change him now—never. Let him throw that way."

All Huarte knew is that he was capable of moving the team, and he was not the least surprised at what he did. "It's a good question why I don't do better in workouts. Coach Graham was right. Roger certainly deserved to start. But I knew that if I got in the game, I'd do well. I just felt it," he said.

If he keeps on feeling it, the New York Jets may discover that they gave the biggest bonus check to the wrong quarterback.

END

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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

The experts' substitute for X-ray eyes

If you have ever watched a bridge expert in action you may have marveled at the way he seemed to know just where all the high cards were. It wasn't extrasensory perception, nor were the cards marked. With a sharp ear and a little thought, anyone can learn to locate the high cards. Let me show you.

South's four-spade bid was much too ambitious. But you are in four spades with South's hand and it's up to you to do your best.

On West's opening lead of the diamond king, East signals with the 9. West continues with the ace and queen, and East follows with the 2 and 8. You ruff the third diamond. Now, knowing that West does not open four-card majors, how much do you know about East's hand?

Well, you know he has exactly one heart, because if he were void he would want to ruff a heart and so would not have signaled for West to continue diamonds. He probably does not have five

Neither side vulnerable
West deals

NORTH			
♠ 7			
♥ A 9 7 3 2			
♦ 10 2 5 4			
♣ A 6 3			
WEST		EAST	
♠ K 5		♠ J 9 6 4	
♥ K J 8 6 1		♥ 10	
♦ A K Q		♦ J 9 8 2	
♣ Q J 2		♣ 10 9 8 5	
SOUTH			
♠ A K Q 10 3 2			
♥ Q 3			
♦ 6 3			
♣ A 7 1			
WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1 ♠	PASS	PASS	DOUBLE
PASS	1 N.T.	PASS	4 ♠
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: King of diamonds

spades or he might have mastered up a one-spade bid. But the odds are against an even division of the spades, and if East has four he is a 2-to-1 favorite to hold the jack.

So you decide to take a spade finesse and you lead a club to dummy's king, with West alertly playing the jack and East playing the 10. West might have started with queen-jack alone in clubs, but you are inclined to think that he is merely unblocking to avoid a possible end play and East is signaling that it is safe for West to continue to do so. You win dummy's king of clubs, finesse the spade 10, and when it wins you continue trumps, West showing out on the third round. On your fourth trump lead, which draws East's jack, West completes echo discards of the 6 and 4 of hearts.

So far, so good. You have proved that East began with a 4-1-4-4 distribution and your only difficult decision was whether to play East for the jack of spades. But your contract is not yet home, because you still have a club loser and a heart loser. However, you now have a blueprint of the way the cards must be if you are to make the hand.

If you could make West win the third round of clubs, he would have to lead a heart and you could avoid a heart loser. But West has been told it is safe to unblock by dropping his queen if you cash your ace of clubs, so that play can't work. What else?

If East began with a singleton king of hearts, you needn't lose a heart trick. But that wouldn't leave West much of a bid, and surely he would not be so anxious to evade an end play if he did not have the heart king. You are down to just one other hope: East's singleton has to be the jack or the 10.

Now you're ready to make that extra-sensory-perception play. You lead the queen of hearts and when West covers with the king you duck the trick. You hold your breath for a moment until East produces his card. It's the 10 of hearts, just as you had hoped.

Now it doesn't matter what West returns. Presumably he'll lead the queen of clubs. You win it with the ace, and perhaps you cash your last trump. West's discard of the 2 of clubs confirms your diagnosis. You lead your 5 of hearts and finesse the 9 when West plays low. The ace of hearts wins the last trick, taking care of your loving club and letting you make your contract.

END



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POWER TOOLS



game at Crosley Field. "Go find a live one," he said.

Fifty miles north of Cincinnati is Dayton, Ohio, which is no place to spend a weekend. So, to prove I was still an old Red player at heart, I ignored William O.'s advice and walked up the street to the Cincinnati Gas and Electric Company. The president of C.G. & E. is a baseball fan, though not a real Red type (He didn't know whether the Reds would win this year or not. He said he'd go watch them anyway. Good grief. He doesn't even know the rules of the game!).

William Zimmer, in fact, is such a fan that his company gives a second ticket free to every employee who buys one. C.G. & E. bought \$16,000 worth of tickets this spring, and William O. DeWitt promised to sell them more if they ran out. It pays to have a good utility man on your team.

Happiness is re-creating days of wine and roses, and one might say that I blew half a day hunting for hoopla in a town with an avowed pennant-winning ball club. Cincinnati, of course, is an extremely conservative town. William Zimmer had said: "People here expect more for a dollar than any other community in the country." William O. DeWitt had said: "People here have to have a place to park their cars so they can see the ball game." The Gibson barber had said:

"People here demand a winner. The Reds blew two games to L.A. this week, and we're all disgusted."

Give or take a few, 18,000 more or less disgusted fans showed up at Crosley Field on July 30 to voice their extremely conservative opinions as the Reds played Houston. Hundreds of Shriners, robed in tassled silk, marched round the diamond, banging drums and blowing horns. At a pregame ceremony they honored Joe Nuxhall, the starting pitcher for the Reds and a current hero in town. For 22 years Nuxhall has pitched off and on at Crosley Field. There was a time back in '39 when Joe would have been forgiven for thinking the fans were a bunch of faithless friks, full of hoos. Fans full of four-letter words have left a permanent blush on Nuxhall's neck.

"Makes me look mean," he says. "And me such a nice guy."

Nuxhall had shut out Houston on one hot July 24, and the least he could do for himself on his 37th birthday was repeat the performance. While Shriners tooted, Nuxhall carried his birthday cake to the dugout, and said loudly, "I wonder if you guys are gonna leave me a piece of this cake after the game?"

With the help of seven Red runs Nuxhall defeated Houston, had his cake and ate it, too.

"Nobody pitches so well as I," I told him in the clubhouse, swiping a bit of icing as he grinned.

"Well, I'll tell ya," said Nuxhall, scratching the gray hair on his temple. "Tonight I had lousy stuff, and no curve ball at all. And the older I get the less I can figure this game out. So there." "You going to win the pennant?"

"Why not?" The sweet scent of confidence lingers overnight in a winner's clubhouse. Saturday's sunshine reflected in Red Manager Dick Sisler's smile as he sat at his desk, riffling a stack of fan mail. I asked him how his team compared with the '61 champions for whom he was a coach.

"We're much stronger this year. Better hitting, better power, better defense, more speed. Now, if only O'Toole..."

Sisler's voice trailed off and his smile faded, leaving the phrase "if only O'Toole" hanging in the air.

Jim O'Toole is a stocky Irishman who has been the Reds' most consistent pitcher since 1961. He won 19 games to insure the '61 pennant, but so far in '65 he has won just once. The Red management claims it cannot figure O'Toole out. His failure has been the shock of the season

to them, but O'Toole does not share their despair. He and Catcher John Edwards feel they know what's wrong and how to correct the O'Toole problem. The slider had always been O'Toole's trouble pitch, only this year the slider has gotten him into trouble, not out of it.

"I've been getting it down and in to right-handers, and not up tight on their hands," says O'Toole. "My rhythm's been off. I'm pushing the ball too much, taking something off the ball, and the slider breaks too big and too flat. Just a couple of details, and I think I've got 'em straightened out. But I won't really know till I pitch."

Characteristically, O'Toole gives the back of his hand to the first half of the season. Without a trace of a smile he declares: "I'm the key to the pennant. When's he gonna turn me on?"

"How can I pitch him?" Sisler asked. "People think I'm nuts for using him. He's had plenty of chances—14 starts, and what has he done? Nothing. Can I take another chance on him?"

Managing in the National League is a gambler's game at best, with the edge going to the man with the best hunch. Fred Hutchinson led the Reds home late in '61 with a club he described as "a bunch of guys who were fighting for their jobs every day, hardly aware they were winning." Hutch was somewhat less than a brilliant strategist, but for the one season he surprised even himself with the moves he made, juggling shortstops, catchers and left fielders more by instinct than statistical persuasion.

Last year Gene Mauch, manager of the Phillies, led the league in second sight, an exercise in intuition best described as second guessing before the fact. Mauch called it logical preplanning, but some of his moves looked like hunches when he made them and sounded like hunches when he replayed them.

Dick Sisler is conservative by nature and prefers not to take chances if he can help it. Last season, as a year-end substitute for Hutchinson, Sisler played a tightly controlled game, relying on speed and pitching to win close contests. This year's Reds have hit so well that Sisler has abandoned precise strategy and plays for the big inning.

Sisler's players are not so impressed with his confidence in their big bats. At a recent meeting, from which the manager and coaches were banned, the Reds discussed ways and means of using the hit-and-run as well as stealing bases on their own. Such conclusions have become popu-



The author chats in a familiar heart with Jim O'Toole, the Reds' frustrated reliever.

lar in the big leagues, reflecting a certain intrateam spirit without demeaning the role of the manager, who can't expect to direct every player's individual initiative even if he were inclined to do so. The Reds know they have a complete team.

"If only O'Toole came around," I said to Sisler, "you'd have it made, wouldn't you?"

"Well, now, remember," he said, "we've got a rookie manager."

"Huh?"

"We've got a rookie manager."

So what. Managers don't lose pennants. Ballplayers do.

While the Reds took batting practice, Lumm Harris, the rookie manager of Houston, watched from the visitor's dugout. "Those guys will kill you with their hitting," he said. "And they're gonna get killed in their bullpen. Now if only O'Toole would shape up. . . ."

The universal concern for Jimmy O'Toole was enough to make a sympathetic Irishman cry in his beer. Last week, I sat in the bullpen and listened to O'Toole talk: "They used to call me O'Tooleigan. Now it's 'Hey, you.'"

Tapping his spikes on the bullpen bench, he said, "When you know you've been a winner and you know you can win again, it hurts your pride to see somebody else start ahead of you."

Jim Maloney staggered through seven sweaty innings while the Reds scored 11 runs, enough to win. Unaccountably, Sisler sent Sammy Ellis out from the dugout to warm up and save the win for Maloney. O'Toole, among other Red pitchers in the bullpen, swore at this lost chance to redeem himself by contributing to a victory.

"I just wish I knew what my job was," said O'Toole. "Short man? Long man? Maybe I'm just gonna mop up the rest of the year."

August is the key month for any pennant contender, and for the Reds of '68, August came on with thundershowers. Lots of real Red fans stayed home to hear the Sunday doubleheader on radio.

Houston knocked Joey Jay out of the box in the first inning of the first game on Sunday but the Reds' big bats boomed and they bounced back to win 6-4. In the second game Cincinnati held a two-run

lead in the sixth inning, when rain halted the game. Convinced that the Reds were really on their way to the pennant, I drove to the airport. The brief storm rumbled off to the east and, as the Reds' Broadcaster Waite Hoyt mumbled to himself about capricious fate, the Astros rallied to beat the Reds 7-6.

A baggage porter at the airport claimed the Reds blew that second game, though he could well have blamed it on the shifting breeze. An ill wind blows no good at Crosley Field, and the San Francisco Giants rode that bad breeze into town for a midweek series. The Giants, like baneful witches, were headed for a three-game sweep of the Reds. (Dick Sisler chanced a start with O'Toole against Juan Marichal, the best pitcher in the majors. O'Toole had a tie after seven innings, an encouraging development worth a future gamble, even if the Reds did lose.)

No matter. To the real Red fan the issue is merely in doubt for the moment. With power, speed, and defense the Reds can hardly miss.

Now, if only O'Toole. . . .

END

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THE GLORY GAME AT GOAT HILLS

BY DAN JENKINS



Goat Hills is gone now. It was swallowed up almost four years ago by the bulldozers of progress, and in the end it was nice to learn that something could take a divot out of those hard fairways. But all of the regular players had left long before. We had grown up at last. Maybe it will be all right to talk about the place now, and about the people and the times we had. Maybe it will be therapeutic. At least it will help explain why I do not play golf so much anymore. I mean, I keep getting invited to Winged

Head and Burning Foot and all those fancy clubs we sophisticated New Yorkers are supposed to frequent, places where, I hear, they have real flag sticks instead of broom handles. It sounds fine, but I usually beg off. I am, frankly, still overgolfed from all those years at Goat Hills in Texas. You would be, too, if. . . . Well, let me tell you some of it. Not all. I will try to be truthful and not too sentimental. But where shall I begin? With Cecil? Yeah, I think so. He was sort of a symbol in those days, and . . .

CONTINUED

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL SAKULS



We called him Cecil the Parachute, because he fell down a lot. He would attack the golf ball with a whining, leaping half-turn—more of a callisthenic than a swing, really—and occasionally, in his spectacular struggles for extra distance, he would soar right off the end of elevated tees.

He was a slim, bony, red-faced little man, who wore crepe-soled shoes and heavily starched shirts that crackled like crunched glass. When he was earthbound Cecil drove a delivery truck for a cookie factory, Grandma's Cookies, and he always parked it—had it, rather—behind a tall hedge near the clubhouse. When the truck was there, out of sight of passing cars (or of cookie-company dispatchers snooping on cookie-truck drivers), you could be pretty sure that not only was Cecil out on the course but so were Tiny, Easy Reid, Magoo, Foot the Free, Grease Repellent, Ernie, Matty, Rush, Little Joe, Weldon the Oath, Jerry, John the Band-Aid and Moron Tom.

There was also the very good chance that all of us would be in one hollering, protesting, club-slinging fiftensome. Anyhow, when Cecil the Parachute had the truck hidden you knew for sure that the game was on.

The game was not the kind of golf that Gene Sarazen or any of his stodgy friends ever would have approved of.



When Cecil the Parachute came blossoming out of his cookie truck you could face up your shoes, 'cause the game was on.

But it was, nevertheless, the kind we played for about 15 years, from the mid-'40s to the late '50s, at a windy, dusty, indifferently mowed, stone-hard, broomstick-flagged, penicillin-freeless, residentially surrounded public course named Worth Hills in Fort Worth, Texas. Goat Hills, we called it, not too originally.

It was a gambling game that went on in some fashion or another, involving from two to 20 players, almost every day of every year. The game survived not just my own shaft-bending, divot-stomping presence, but heat, rain, snow, war, tornadoes, jobs, studies, illness, divorces, birth, death and considerations of infinity. If there were certain days

when it seemed the game might help pay part of my tuition through Texas Christian University—a jumble of yellow-brick buildings across the street from the course—there were others when it seemed certain to guarantee a lifetime of indebtedness. Either way you were trapped, incessantly drawn to the Hills, like Durrell to Alexandria.

Nearly all of the days at the Hills began the same way, with lazy conversations on the front porch of the small white clubhouse. We would be slouched in chairs, smoking, drinking coffee, complaining about worldly things, such as the Seventh Street Theater not changing its movie as weeks. Say it was August. We would be looking across the putting green at the heat. In Texas in August you can see the heat. It looks like germs under a microscope. In fact, say it was the day of the Great Scooter Wreck.

We were lounging, Matty, who had a crew cut and wore glasses and looked collegiate (and grew up to be a doctor), was resting against a rock pillar on the porch, playing tunes on his front teeth with his fingernails. He could do that. Learned it in study hall. For money he could even play *Sixty Minute Man*, or *Rocket 88* or whatever happened to be No. 1 on the jukebox at Jack's Place on the Mansfield Highway, where most of us went at night to "hustle the pretties," as Moron Tom phrased it, and watch truck drivers fight to see who bought the beer. I was reading either *The Best of S.J. Perelman* or *The Brothers Karamazov*. Any kind of book would prompt needling whoops from Tiny, who was a railroad conductor, or Weldon the Oath, who was a postman, or Grease Repellent, who worked at the Texaco station three blocks away. ("Hey, Jenkins! What you gonna do with all them facts clengin' around in yer head?") Foot the Free, which was short for Big Foot the Freecloder, was there, practice-putting at a small, chipped-out crevice in the concrete of the porch, a spot that marked the finish of the finest one hole of golf I ever saw played—but more about that later. Magoo was around. And Little Joe. Presently John the Band-Aid showed up, striding grimly from the parking lot, clubs over his shoulder, ready to go. He had beaten a Turf King pinball machine somewhere on University Drive—had found the A, B and C lit, had lit the D, then hit the feature—and he had some money.

"You and you and you and you and you, too," said John. "All of you two, two, two automatic one-down presses, whatever gets even on 9 and 18, and whipsaw everybody 70 or better for five." John the Band-Aid had lost the day before.

We began tying our shoes.

Magoo said, "I don't guess anybody's gonna let me play, since I didn't drop but a young 50 yesterday."

"You're here, aren't you?" said John. "Joe and me got all teams for five match and five medal. Same game as yesterday. Come on, let's jack it up."

Little Joe, who played without a shirt and had a blond ducktail haircut, said, "Sure wish I'd get to pick my own

partner sometime." Then he said, "You gonna play good, John, or scrape it as usual?"

"There ain't no keep-off signs on me if you want some," John said, swinging his driver on the first tee.

"Five's enough," Little Joe said.

"You got it," said John.

Little Joe and I took a scooter, one of those two-seaters with three wheels, and John and Magoo took one. The rest walked. We were an eightsome. If others came later they would join up along the way, as always, and there would be some action for them, too. Plenty.

With only eight players it was a fairly simple game to book keep. You played each of the other seven individually on the front nine, on the back and on the 18—three bets each to start. Without any presses—new bets—that was a sizable investment right there. But new bets came quickly, because of an automatic one-down press rule and bug, get-even bets on 9 and 18. It was certainly nice to birdie the 9th and 18th holes sometimes. Like maybe \$100 nice.

Naturally, there was always a long pause at both the 9th and 18th tees to figure out how everybody stood. Like this particular day. John the Band-Aid, I recall, had shot even par but was down to everyone.

"I got to be the alltime world's champion unlucky," he said, beating his driver against the tee marker. "Magoo can't play and he's beatin' me, and Matty can't play and he's beatin' me, and my young partner's dead as an old woman and . . ."

John the Band-Aid, who wore glasses and a straw hat and kept a handkerchief tied around his neck for protection against sunburn, rarely observed honors on the tee. In fact, the game sort of worked in reverse etiquette. The players who were losing teed off first.

"I'm gonna hit this one right into young Stadium Drive," said John, impatiently. The 9th at the Hills was a long par-4. The tee was on a bluff, above a desperate drop-off into a cluster of undernourished hackberry trees, a creek, rocks and weeds. Ideally, the drive had to carry over the trees and creek and into the uphill fairway, leaving about a seven-iron to the green. Stadium Drive was behind the green.

As John the Band-Aid went into his backswing, Little Joe said, "Hit it, Daddy."

John said, "Mother, I'm hittin' hard as I can." He curved off a wondrous slice into the right rough, and coming off of his follow-through slung the club in the general direction of Eagle Mountain Lake, just missing Little Joe. The Band-Aid's shot irritated Little Joe, and so did the flying club. "Man, man," said Joe. "They ought to put me in a box and take me to the state fair for ben' in this game."

I was fairly mad, too. One under par and no money ahead. Maybe that's why I pointed the scooter straight down the hill and let it run. We were almost instantly out of control. "Son of a young . . ." said Joe, holding on. The

scooter zoomed, but the front wheel struck a boulder and, like a plane taking off, we were in the air. I sailed straight over the front, and Joe went out the right side. The scooter, flipping and spewing clubs, landed on both of us, mostly on my left leg.

I think I was out for about 10 seconds before I heard all of the laughter behind me and felt the clubs and rocks underneath. They pulled the scooter off, and off Joe's white canvas bag—or what was left of it. Battery acid had been



The Great Scooter Wreck happened at 9, and by the 14th Magoo had won a classic bet because something was eating Little Joe.

jolted out of the scooter and was already beginning to eat away at the bag.

"I got two says Joe don't have a bag before we get to 18," said Magoo. Foot called it. Although my left ankle was so swollen I had to play the rest of the way with only one shoe, we continued. It was on the 14th green that we noticed Magoo was a winner. When Joe went to pick up his bag after putting out, the only things left were the top metal ring, the bottom, the wooden stick and the shoulder strap. Not only that, Joe's left pants leg was going fast.

In or out of a runaway scooter, our game frequently took odd directions. Bored, we often played Goat Hills backward, to every other hole, to every third hole, entirely out of bounds except for the greens (which meant you had to stay in the roads and lawns), with only one club or at night, which was stimulating because of all the occupied cars parked on the more remote fairways. One of the most interesting games we invented, however, was the Thousand-yard Dash. This was a one-hole marathon. It started at the farthest point on the course from the clubhouse—and

continued

ended at the chipped-out place in the concrete on the porch.

I have forgotten who invented it. Most likely it was either Foot the Free or myself or Matty, for we had once played from the Majestic Theater to the Tarrant County Courthouse in downtown Fort Worth—anything off Throckmorton Street was out of bounds—without getting arrested. At any rate, there were 12 of us who each put \$5 in the pot and started flailing away, cutting across fairways, intruding on other games, cursing and carefully counting the strokes of those who had chosen the same route as ours. Some went to the left of the stone rest room, some went to the right. I followed Foot the Free because he could never afford to lose. He carried the same \$5 bill, I think, for eight years. We hit a hooked driver, another hooked driver, a third hooked driver and then a hooked three-wood—you had to hook at the Hills to get the roll—and that got us both within pitching distance of the porch. The others were out of it by now, lost in the creek or in the flower beds of the apartment houses that bordered the No. 1 fairway.

My approach shot carried the concrete porch, hit hand against the clubhouse wall, chased Wells Howard, the pro, back inside the door, brought a screech from his wife, Lola, glanced off one of the rock pillars and finally came to rest—puttifiable if I moved a chair—about 20 feet from the hole.

Foot played a bounce shot, lofting a high wedge, letting it plop in front of the porch on some gravel, then hop up over the curb and skid against the wall. He was only 10 feet from the hole. Hell of a shot.

We quickly got a broom and began sweeping dirt particles off the porch and took off our cleats because they are

very bad for a stance on concrete and put Wells and Lola at ease by convincing them that this would look good in our memoirs one day after we had all won the young National Open and got famous.

A couple of rent-club players strolled out of the golf shop, and Foot asked them not to walk in his line. My putt offered one distinct danger, tapping it too firmly and having it roll past the hole and into a row of golf carts lined up at the far end—which is precisely what happened. I tried to argue that the carts were an unnatural hazard and that I deserved a free lift; but Wells, the pro, no doubt believing the game was my idea, ruled I had to play it. On in five, I 18-putted for a 23. Against anyone else I might still have had a chance. But Foot was one of the great putters in history. He calmly tapped his putt and it dribbled slowly, slowly, over the concrete, wavering, wobbling—and in.

Foot's 6 was about the best hole I ever saw played, and I have seen several Odessa Pro-Ams. The only thing I ever heard of that came close to equaling it happened in Austin a year or so later. A friend of mine named Thor, a Hills man off and on, made a 517 from the Lake Austin Inn to a brown-leather loafer in the closet of an apartment near the University of Texas campus.

I am sure that the longest hole we ever played was from the first tee at Goat Hills to the third green at Colonial Country Club. It was about 10 blocks, regardless of whether you went down Stadium Drive, past the TCU football field, left on Park Hill and over the houses, or down Alton Road and Simcoedale.

The first time we played it, Tiny wore his bright-red, elas-



The Goat Hills-to-Colonial match was uptoned by Russi's dad, who rattled for him in a black Lincoln.

tie-waisted slacks—he was 6 feet 3 and weighed close to 300 pounds—and Rush's dad, a retired oilman, caddied for him, driving his big black Lincoln, and Cecil got hit by a cocker spaniel.

Playing through neighborhoods requires an unusual shot. The trick is to stay in the streets as much as possible to get the distance, so a good club to have is a blade putter. You can swing the ball low on the street and guide it pretty easily. We all kept one around. I happened to have sliced a putter shot into a bed of iris on Alton Road and was hunting for it when I saw Cecil the Parachute down the driveway considering an iron shot that would have to rise quickly to clear a towering oak. A dog in the backyard was barking at him.

Cecil leaped at the ball and drove it straight into a Cyclone fence—he seldom hit the ball higher than the tops of his rolled-down socks—and his follow-through sailed him forward onto his elbows, like a man who had been dragged behind a team of horses. It also brought him within range of the spaniel, which bit him on the leg.

Cecil scrambled up and came tiptoeing back toward me down the driveway, saying, "Hurred the shot. That sucker was agrowlin' at me, and just when I started to swing I seen a lady cussin' at me through the kitchen window."

We picked up—"I. P. d." as one said at the time, meaning in-pocketed—and began searching for the others in backyards along the way to Colonial. Tiny had quit at a fishpond, and Easy Reid had met a friend and paused to sell him some insurance. The only two left in contention were Foot and Magoo, whom we found hitting seven-irons out of Bermuda-grass lawns over the fence and onto Colonial's first fairway. They had to hole out pretty fast because some Colonial members sent a caddy back to the clubhouse to get the manager, Vergal Bourland. Foot and Magoo each wound up with a 19 and hustled back over the fence before Vergal could get their names.

Quite an argument followed about the playoff. Magoo suggested playing back to the Hills. Foot wanted to play to Herb Massey's restaurant on Eighth Avenue because he thought he would win and be able to afford the specialty, a chicken-fried steak with cream gravy. I thought they should play to the Forest Park Zoo, which wasn't too far. They decided to split the money, so we all went back to the Hills and got in a putting game that lasted until midnight.

To at least partly understand why anyone would hang around a municipal golf course for one-third of his life playing games such as these you have to understand something about the town and the state and what golf means there.

First of all, Fort Worth is basically a quiet place with a river, the Trinity, a fragrant stockyard on the North Side (where no one who lives South, West or East ever goes except to eat Mexican food at Joe Garza's), a Convar plant, a couple of newspapers, a lot of beer taverns, a few elegant neighborhoods, a downtown area sparkling with loan companies, and a university, TCU, which is primarily noted for producing Sammy Baugh and Davey O'Brien. It is a town where little has happened, outside of a few important foot-

ball games, since Vernon Castle, the famous dancer, was killed when he crashed a plane into a field in Benbrook during World War I. Nor has anyone cared to make something happen except, occasionally, on the golf courses.

Fort Worth is where Ben Hogan and Byron Nelson came from, and this is one of the first facts I ever learned. It probably happened to other kids the same way. There you were one day, waving a yardstick like a sword, playing Errol Flynn in *The Sea Hawk*, when suddenly your parents decided you had a natural swing. They told you about Hogan and Nelson, and about Jimmy Demaret, who came from Houston, and about Ralph Guldahl, Lloyd Mangrum and Harry Cooper, who came from Dallas, and they shoved you onto the nearest course and said not to come home until you were ready for the Ethiopian Four Ball. So you stayed 20 years curing a shank and learning to love a duck hook.

Probably because of the climate—there are only two weeks out of the year when a man would not play golf, but even those February afternoons might be considered ideal in Pittsburgh—the sport has for 30 years been second in importance only to football. This is true throughout the state: in the north central area of Fort Worth and Dallas, through the thick pines of East Texas, in the hills and woods around Austin, along the palmed coasts of Houston and Corpus Christi and all across the peach-colored plains of West Texas and the Panhandle, where the fairways wind around mesquite and oil palms and players are seen wearing silver tool-dresser's helmets and coveralls and carrying clubs in their hands instead of in bags.

Golf always received generous attention in the papers. As soon as you were old enough to read you saw headlines about people like Gus Moreland and Harry Todd playing in some weird thing called the Cisco Invitation. Almost every town with a hen house, some tin cans and broomsticks still has an annual invitational tournament. All kinds of places—Arlene, Lubbock, Tyler, Longview, Ranger, Eastland, Waxahatchee, Midland. These invitationals begin in mid-March and last through mid-September. Each week there are from 10 to 20, and it is possible for an enterprising, neat-swinging high school or college golfer to play competitively for 22 weeks or more of the year, winning, if he is good enough, more sets of clubs, TV sets and silver trays than he can ever sell to get money to gamble with.

It was this vast amateur circuit that gave you Hogan and Nelson and Demaret, and later on Jackie Burke, Tommy Bolt, Ernie Vossler, Earl Stewart, Shelley Mayfield, Don Cherry, Billy Maxwell, Don January, Joe Conrad and Wes Ellis, and now Bobby Nichols, Dave Marr, Miller Barber, Jack Cupit, Rex Baxter, Billy Martindale, Homero Blancas, Terry Dill, Charley Coody, Don Massengale, Dudley Wysong and Jerry Edwards, to name a few.

Vossler and Edwards, I can relate with a certain amount of pride, came right out of our game at Goat Hills. Ernie was a relentless competitor who could not understand why

continued

anyone but him ever sank a putt. Sometimes, when someone like Weldon the Outh made one, Ernie would just walk straight to the clubhouse. He was never as proficient as myself at club-breaking. I often broke my eight-iron on the dinky 17th hole, a par-3 flip shot, because I was either long and in the creek or short and in the trap—but Ernie had his moments. He bladed a seven-iron one afternoon at the 6th hole, I remember, and almost killed us all. He hurled the club straight into the brick fairway, and the shaft snapped. Both parts of the club bounced into the air. One jagged end sprang back and hit Ernie in the palm of the hand, causing a five-stitch gash. The other glanced toward Weldon and myself. It looked like we had been attacked by flashes of lightning as the steel sparkled in the sun, and we dived for safety.

Later on that same day Weldon had one of his talking fits—talking to the ball. He took oaths. Wearing his postman's cap and without golf shoes because he had rushed to the game so quickly, he gave the ball a wonderful lecture on the 14th tee. "This is your last chance, you lousy little crud," he said. "If you slice on me just one more time I'm gonna bite you right in half and chew your rubber guts up. Now I'm gonna hit you straight, you hear me? There's no by God reason why you got to slice on me over time, damn it! You hear me? You hear me tellin' you this?"

Then Weldon hit a world-record slice. It crossed at least two fairways, but before it landed he turned around two, three times, slung the club and went sprinting after the ball. When he got there he jumped up and down on it.

"I'm dad-born finished," he said, panting. "This is my last day on any golf course, ever. You picks have guyyed me damn stick." He was so mad he couldn't talk straight. "Enough and I'm done. Rotten, stinkin', miserable game." He was, of course, back the next day.

After I holed out a 30-foot putt to halve a gimme birdie one afternoon, Vossler left for good. He moved on to bigger things, to the big-money games at Radglen, to become city champion, state amateur champion, ultimately on to the PGA tour. I have always considered Ernie our honor graduate, although Edwards may outdo him.

Jerry could drive the ball four miles, or roughly the distance to old Paschal High School (now Tech), a Gibraltar of formative education that turned most of us out with degrees in Library Pass Forging, Double Lunch Period Registration, Boiler Room Smoking, Chug-a-Lug, Basketball and Marriage. Except for a recurring Goat Hills temper, Jerry has a sound game and has been in the money many times on the PGA tour. So far, however, his greatest publicity came when he was rumored to have gone AWOL from the Army in 1962 to play in the U.S. Open.

"A true Hills man," Magoo said.

Although Vossler and Edwards were the only two who succeeded, all of us at one time, I believe, envisioned a pro career. Easy Reid, for example, bought a huge black bag

and an umbrella and some alligator shoes and turned pro, but the closest he came to the big time was missing the cut at the Odeva Pro-Am with me as a partner. Grease Repellent turned pro after he shot 62 at Goat Hills, eight under, breaking the course record that five of us held at 65. But he did not go on the tour, and I don't think he took a club job. He only refused to play in any more amateur tournaments, which he didn't play in anyhow.

Sadly, my own dreams were constantly interrupted by reality. The first time was early in the State Junior at San Antonio, when I was defeated 3 and 2 by a cross-handed Mexican wearing tennis shoes. Thirsting for some sort of revenge, I returned the following year and lost to a barefoot 14-year-old who had only five clubs.

But if those experiences were not enough to convince me, the Waxahatchee Invitation should have. The Waxahatchee Invitation was not exactly the Masters tournament of Texas, but it did draw a few celebrities. Cherry, Stewart, Maxwell, Conrad, for example. I know it was an unusually strong field one particular year because it took 70 to qualify for 30 of the 32 places in the championship flight. Unluckily, I shot 71 along with 11 others, so there had to be a playoff—swafest, it was called—for the last two places. A playoff meant a gallery. Bad deal.

We began swinging, and nine players bogeyed the first sudden-death hole and were eliminated. (I envied them all.) One player got a birdie and was in. Two of us made pars and had to go another hole for the remaining berth or the privilege of being thrashed 5 and 5 the next day by a Cherry, a Stewart, a Maxwell or a Conrad.

My opponent was a tall fellow named Shelby, and I did not realize until a few years later that it was the same Carroll Shelby who raced sports cars. This might have been the thing that drove him to it. The crowd stayed—the ritualistic barbecue and dice game were still a good hour off—and it had no respect for either of us. As we stood on the tee, perspiring from fright, I heard someone say, "Who you want?" And the reply: "Aw, neither one. They both chili dippers."

Whatever Shelby did, I did better. He hooked, I hooked. He hit over the fence, I hit over the fence. The giggles trailed us endlessly. He got lost in the gully, I got lost in the gully. He landed in the bunker, I landed in the bunker. At one point I heard a man say, "Well, I been to the Dublin Rodeo, I've met the Light Crust Doughboys and I've stepped across the Mississippi where it ain't but a foot wide, but I never seen noshin' like this." Finally, perhaps through a bookkeeping error, I won the hole with a 10.

You did not have to venture out of town—out on the tour—to enrich the game that you always came back to at Goat Hills. You could go across town to one of the dozen other courses that Fort Worth had. You could certainly sneak into any of the country clubs and play from No. 2 through No. 17, placing all the flags in the bunkers for reasons that seemed hilarious then.

Our game, I think, was substantially influenced by those

at other courses. At one time we thought the really good players were mostly at another public course, Meadowbrook. They did things like win the City Tournament, which is something neither Hogan, Nelson nor I could ever do. In our respective eras we each finished second. And then there was Ridgela, where Vossler went.

Ridgela had players who may not have been as skilled, but they could certainly outbet you. Occasionally one of us would be decuded by a 67 at wide-open Goat Hills and go



Raymond bet he could par the first hole from a clubhouse rooftop, and Spec, always an action man, couldn't wait to lose.

to narrow Ridgela. You always came back busted, but at least you had been to the shrine where Titanic Thompson, the famed Evansville hustler, had once defeated Byron Nelson in a head-to-head match, taking \$1,000 from Byron's backers. That was back in the early '30s, when Nelson was merely the best amateur in town.

At Ridgela you could hear all the good stories about Titanic Thompson, some of them maybe even true. They would tell how he would throw a ball down on the ground, waggle a driver and say he bet he could hit the green with his driver, although the green was 400 yards away. Somebody would call it. And Ti would calmly walk to the green and tap it with his driver and collect. And how he once bet he could throw a watermelon over the Texas Hotel in downtown Fort Worth. He got a watermelon about as big as a baseball, went up on top of the building next door and threw it over. And how he would bet a man in Phoenix that he would have more mail waiting for him in Fort Worth than the other man, having mailed himself 50 postcards. And all those other stories. You would like to have known Ti more than any other celebrity.

Since that was impossible, the next best thing was just

being at Ridgela, at the shrine, in the days before they turned it into a country club for Jaycees. There was one day when several of us were in the old golf shop and saw the pro, Raymond Gafford, on top of a wooden table with a four-iron, put a ball down on the table, address it and aim out the open door toward the first green, a par-5.

"Believe I can make five from here?" asked Raymond.

We all looked respectfully at Spec, who had a solemn face, and we saw him do what we figured he would do.

"Well, I ain't had nothin' this good lately," Spec said, taking out a roll of bills. Spec was an action man. Craved it. Once, even though he had a broken leg, he did not miss his game at Ridgela. He hired a caddy to pull him around the course in a red wagon.

"Can I get all that off you?" said Raymond. "I don't want to be greedy."

"I'll guarantee you, this man's got to make me rich some day," said Spec. "Yes, sir. Ever' meal's a banquet and ever' day's a holiday. We're gonna eat steak tonight and play golf tomorrow."

Raymond said, "All I know is I can make five."

"Well," Spec said, "I don't know a whole lot about it, but I know a man can't make five off a table."

"Just got it on," Raymond said.

"On?" said Spec. "On's here in my hand."

A few others got in, do or don't, and Raymond, who was a fine player, hit a crisp four-iron right off the tabletop, out the door and down the fairway. It was clear that he would have only a three-wood and a long iron to reach the green in three. Spec said, "Oops. Step on the fire and call in the dogs. The hunt's over, boys."

And it was. Raymond made an easy five.

After that, I remember, we had a lot of shots off the shingle roof of the Goat Hills clubhouse and did a great deal of chipping off the hoods of our cars and, in fact, designed one hole that started on top of the gin-rummy table in the locker room, went through the restaurant, noted for its cheese crackers and R.C. Colas, out the golf shop, around the putting course and concluded on the first green.

It was in the last few years at Goat Hills, before the city sold those 106 acres to TCU so the school could build more yellow-brick buildings, that the games got too big, too outrageously expensive. One reason was that most of us were working by then, or were supposed to be. We somehow managed always to have the afternoons free. Anyhow, we virtually were wealthy. For instance, I had ingeniously slithered my way up to \$87.50 per week at *The Fort Worth Press*. So I was a high player now. And then there was Moron Tom, who worked terribly hard at eight ball, poker, gin and pinball. He could high-play you.

Moron Tom was a likable, muscular West Texan who had gone to TCU to play football but had quit when he discovered you had to practice every day during the season. He was a brilliant hustler who talked in a fast code, often describing his long tee shots with such immodest expressions as "quadruple unreal." He almost never spoke English, only a

continued

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GOAT HILLS GLORY *Continued*

weird gibberish that you had to learn or not know what bets you had with him.

There was one special day—that day of the last truly big game—that began with Moron Tom saying, "I'll take toops and sheeps from Youngful, Youngjun, Youngmut and Youngrus." Translated, that meant he wanted 2 up and 3 up from young Foot, young John, young Matty and young Rush. He wanted the same from Magoo, too, but Magoo said, "Kane go-fert," which was Moronese for "Can't go for it."

Somehow Magoo and I wound up as partners, and this was bad. Magoo was a good player, but he was unlucky. Once in the Glen Garden Invitation across town—that is the course where Hogan and Nelson caddied as kids—he hit a fine shot to a difficult green and found the ball in a man's mouth, being cleaned. Things like that happened to Magoo. Only this time, all the way around, it did not seem to matter. Frankly, we played superbly.

We birdied so many holes between us that Moron Tom, each time either of us swung, said, "Cod Ee-rack Fockle-dim!" That was his pronunciation of Doc Cary Middlecoff speed backward, and a compliment. Sometimes Moron Tom said, "Wod Daw-ret-sinf," which was Dow Finsterwald, and a cry of doom.

As we came off the 17th green, having birdied every hole since the 13th, Magoo and I calculated that if we could simply par the 18th we would not be able to get the money home in Cecil the Parachute's cooky truck. With all of the double and triple presses, it was up to around \$600, at least. And there was blood everywhere.

"An't this somethin'?" said Foot. "Man's gonna be took to Dump City by two clutch artists." Meaning us.

"Come off this, Magoo," said Rush. "Man, you're supposed to be standin' in line to give up."

Magoo said, "I don't guess anybody wants a young press to get even, do they?"

There were a few sarcastic snarls. The get-even press was automatic, of course.

Easy Reid said, "Oh, Lordy. I don't want the prize, I just want to get my hand out of the box."

The 18th was an easy par-4. You drove from a windy knoll, with the wind helping, to a wide, wide fairway across a creek and an embankment. There was always a tendency to come out of your shoes at the ball because there was so little danger, and a big drive would leave you with only a 50-yard wedge shot to the green. The only conceivable trouble was far to the right, beyond the bordering 10th fairway, where Stadium Drive was out of bounds. In all my years I never saw anyone slice that badly—only Magoo when Moron Tom spoke to him for all that money.

At the top of Magoo's backswing, Moron Tom quietly said, "Tissm, Oogam," which of course was "Miss it, Magoo" backwards, and my poor partner sheered out of bounds. Well, we had to laugh about the irony of it. Once again Magoo had blown the Open. And there could be no protest. Needles were common. Sneezing, coughing, dropping a full bag of clubs on a player's backswing were part of it. Normally, it was something you ignored.

Magoo simply looked at his club and then at me and said, "If you don't make four, I'm gonna stamp this Tommy Armour right on your young forehead."

Now, across the creek at the 18th, laid upright into the embankment, was a storm drain, roughly three feet around. We used to pitch at it with old balls from the ladies' tee, but it was a rare day when anyone ever actually hit it. From up on the men's tee 100 yards back, it was an awfully small target. In fact, it never even entered my mind. I was intending to drive the green, frankly, and get a birdie just to make up for Magoo's slice. That would have been quadruple unreal.

But at the height of my arc, Moron Tom whispered something again.

"Clutch, Mother Zilch," he said.

I did not fall completely down, but almost. The club head hit about two inches behind the ball. The shot snapped into the ground just in front of the ladies' tee, took a giant hop to the right off some rocks and—I swear to you—went straight into the sewage drain.

It was the only hole in one I ever made, and the shot that semiretired me from golf. Forever.

END



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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by MARK MULVOY

AMERICAN LEAGUE

The champion for the Cellar-Bruen Owner Charlie Finley has been proving his players for vacating last place was put back on ice when KANSAS CITY (4-3) moved within one game of ninth-place Boston after taking three of four from the Orioles. Since the All-Star break the Athletics have won 14 and lost 13, with a 9-5 record against first-division teams. Old hand Jim Lindre beat the Orioles one day last week with a three-run homer, but the A's charge for the championship was led mainly by the boys. First Baseman Ken Harrelson, 23, batted .284, had 12 RBIs and hit 13 of his 16 homers after becoming a regular two months ago. Dick Green, 24, who rates behind only Bobby Richardson as a second baseman, already has bettered his 1984 rookie records with 13 homers and 39 RBIs, while Shortstop Bert Campaneris, 23, led the league with 38 stolen bases and batted .303 during the A's revival. He started to field better, too, when Wayne Causey, whom he displaced at shortstop, gave him a wide-fingered glove and taught him to scoop grounders with his palm up. And Fred Talbot, 24, last week won his 10th game, four more than any other Kansas City pitcher Talbot, who had a 4-5 record with Chicago last season, was the "player to be named later" in the Rocky Colavito, John Romano, Jim Lindre, Mike Hershberger three-team trade last winter. "Being sent to Kansas City was my big break," said Talbot, who credits his success to an improved changeup and a seldom-used sinking fast ball. "I tried a few changeups last year, but it was my worst pitch. Every time I throw it and something went wrong, Al Loper would jump me. This year I'm

not afraid to throw it." Talbot uses the sinking fast ball only about 10 times a game. "I don't want to show it to the hitters too often because it would deprive me of the surprise element." Despite Harmon Killebrew's dislocated elbow, MINNESOTA (7-1) still had plenty of power. 30 runs scored and 11 home runs, including four by Zoilo Versalles and key pinch-hit homers by Jimmie Hall and 190 hitter Jerry Kindall. "I'm even-tempered—always upset," said CLEVELAND (3-3) Manager Birdie Tebbets after a trying week. In one game Birdie ordered an intentional walk to Chicago's weak-hitting Ken Berry, then learned that J. C. Martin—not Hoyt Wilhelm—was listed to bat in the pitcher's spot after Berry. Martin singled in a run. Former Indian John Romano promptly yelled: "You're in trouble, Birdie, you're thinking again." INDIANAPOLIS (2-5) players charged that CHICAGO (4-3) used frozen baseballs after the Tigers scored only eight runs in a five-game series and lost three times. (Said White Sox Manager Al Loper: "We've been swinging frozen bats for 10 years.") In their first game after leaving Chicago the Tigers scored nine runs in one inning against the Indians. Sam Bowens, who hit 22 homers as a BALTIMORE (4-4) rookie last year, also had problems. He was sent to Rochester after batting .145. Whitey Ford and Mel Stottlemyre both won their 10th games for NEW YORK (4-2), but even better was the end of Mickey Mantle's season-long slump. He had 13 hits in 23 at bats last week. MINNESOTA'S (3-4) Don Zimmer made three errors to throw away the first game of a doubleheader, then doubled home the winning runs in the second game. Bob Lee, LOS ANGELES' (1-5) top reliever, lost twice, but Marcelino Lopez won his 11th, high for major league rookies this season. While Boston (2-4) floundered on the road, Owner Tom Yawkey, 62, played pepper at Fenway Park in '90' heat under the critical eyes of two of his injured outfielders, Tony Conigliaro and Gary Geiger.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Willie Mays propelled SAN FRANCISCO (6-1) into second place as he went 14 for 30, hit six home runs, two each in two games, and drove in five runs in one game, four in another. "I'm swinging looser in this hot weather," said Willie, who led the majors with 30-homer runs. Willie McCovey also chipped in with three homers and made fielding plays which Leo Durocher said "I never thought were possible for him." Even Warren Spahn got into the act. He won his first game since May 24. In six straight victories, their longest streak of the season, the Giants

scored 47 runs, including 18 one day against CINCINNATI (2-4). The Reds hit 14 homers but used 16 pitchers in their four losses. Jim Muloney finally ended the pinching drought by shutting out the Dodgers 18-0. That's right, 18-0. Pincher Howie Reed, starting for only the second time this year, and 31-year-old rookie Third Baseman Don LeJohn won games for LOS ANGELES (2-4), while Sandy Koufax boosted his record to 19-4. Pinch Hitter Jesse Gonder's three-run double won a game for MINNEAPOLIS (5-2), and PITTSBURGH'S (5-2) Vern Law shut out New York for the third successive time this year. "Law could throw a ball through a milk bottle," said Met Interim Manager Wes Westrum. Roberto Clemente had two home runs along with eight other hits and held a 15-point lead in the batting race. Manager Red Schoendienst of ST. LOUIS (4-4) was rehired through 1986 despite the team's disappointing showing. The penniless Cardinals had hit only 78 homers while giving up 127. MINNESOTA (2-6) lost Walt Bond, Eddie Kasko, Rusty Staub and Frank Thomas with injuries, and Jim Gentile, Bob Aspromonte and Dick Farrell played despite assorted ailments. Explaining why he stopped pitching to bend over for a few seconds during his shutout of the Braves, Farrell said: "I was just surveying my twisted ankle, pulled side muscle and sore finger." Held to three hits, CHICAGO (5-2) beat the Mets one day as Billy Williams homered and doubled for five runs. NEW ADELPHI (4-3) players started to call Dick Stuart "Good Field, No Hit" because of his sudden glove prowess. NEW YORK (6-7) has lost 14 of 17 since Casey Stengel fractured his hip, including the last eight straight.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK



FRED TALBOT

RUNS PRODUCED (through August 7)

NATIONAL LEAGUE	Runs Scored	Teamates Total Runs Produced
Rose, Cal (31)	85	52
Hager, Cal (27)	54	34
Robinson, Cal (24)	79	50
Johnson, Cal (24)	57	69
Clendenen, Phil (23)	66	54
Barker, Cal (22)	58	67
Williams, Cal (20)	72	47
Porch, Cal (20)	67	51
Carlson, Phil (20)	63	51
Mays, SF (20)	77	41

AMERICAN LEAGUE	Runs Scored	Teamates Total Runs Produced
Dwight, Min (20)	83	53
Versalles, Min (20)	83	41
Colavito, Cal (18)	67	54
Killebrew, Min (18)	72	48
Kalish, Phil (18)	58	48
Wagner, Cal (18)	69	33
Tresh, NY (17)	67	34
Morin, Phil (16)	49	50
Alv, Cal (17)	66	32
Marble, Min (16)	39	55

*derived by adding top RBIs from RBIs

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BIG HEAT (CONT.)

Sirs:

I think Dan Jenkins' article, *O.K., Everybody: Beat America!* (July 26), is one of the most specious pieces of journalism I've read in a long time. But what is worse is the fact that inherent in the "philosophy" of the article is that maddening, supercilious American idea that we are some kind of a superpeople who just naturally are entitled to win everything.

We do far better competitively in sports with the rest of the world than in literature, music, foreign diplomacy, philosophy, medicine, science or education—just to mention a few examples.

It's time Americans began to realize that we're not the only country in the world with talent and resources, so perhaps a little ego-smashing in the sports arena won't do this country any harm at all.

STAFFORD P. OSBORN

Marion, Mass.

Sirs:

[It] would have been a great article with a deep-seated meaning four years ago. Then we were doing just as badly if not worse than now. Then we were on a sharp decline that was stemmed by President Kennedy's physical fitness program. But now we are on the way up.

MIRRELL GLUSKIN

Atlanta

Sirs:

I would like to thank you for Dan Jenkins' article. I will not attempt to indulge in a discussion of the apparent philosophy that has spread across our nation and degraded competitive spirit. But I would like to point to one particular area that could be the subject for a subsequent article: the lack of opportunity for young women to participate and excel in athletics during high school and college so they might rise to a level of proficiency that could offer strong competition on the world sports scene.

There seems to be a general nationwide objection to having women compete against men in such games as tennis and volleyball. Obviously, if young women are not permitted to compete at these levels against men they can hardly be expected to gain the experience and confidence required to dominate in the world arena.

As a typical example, my 16-year-old daughter has attended one of the best tennis schools in the U.S. But she cannot participate as a member of the high school boys' tennis team even though she could defeat at least half of its members. Of course, there is no girls' team since there generally are not enough females attending a typical high

school who have the interest or background to participate. A similar situation exists with the swim team. It is particularly frustrating to a young girl with formal training to be forbidden to participate in such activities and yet be forced to play kick ball, volleyball, etc. in gym class.

C. E. MYRIS JR.

Burbank, Calif.

Sirs:

Last year I was one of two goalies on the U.S. national hockey team and discovered, much to my amazement, that things are indeed not all rosy in U.S. hockey. I don't feel, however, that poor hockey is to blame. Rather, the basic fault lies in a lack of support for the teams that are sent abroad.

In 1965 it was largely through the support of one man that a team was able to go at all. Other than this, our financial support was so negligible that the team was only able to practice together a total of two weeks before traveling to Europe. Our competition had been practicing together anywhere from five to seven months before coming to the world championships. The fact that we came in sixth instead of eighth indicates that the talent is there. Give the talent a chance and I'm sure it will prove itself.

FREDERICK H. MARKS

New York City

Sirs:

I like the title of the article by Mr. Jenkins, *O.K., Everybody: Beat America!* because I would like to see someone try it.
NORMAN ZWALD

Clifton, Pa.

IN A NUTSHELL

Sirs:

SI really goofed when it failed to include a "track nut supreme" (*Some Fanatics Whose Fan Is Playing Old Records*, Aug. 2). Roberto Querciani, who is the European editor for *Track & Field News*, is considered by some track experts as the leading "nut" in the world. His compilation of records, both European and world, is amazing.

On the other hand, Gerald Holland did happen to mention Hugh Gardner, an Indiana "Hoover nut," now living in San Jose, Calif. I've never met Hugh but we correspond every week, and when I say correspond it borders on "track nutdom" at its best. It's not unusual for Hugh to send me a two- or three-page typed letter—and single-spaced at that! I'll do the same. In fact, our track correspondence could be the largest in the world. I'm sure Hugh writes to many other people, perhaps some of them every week, but if those letters are any bigger or

more interesting than the ones he sends me then Hugh is surely the leading "nut" in the world. In fact, I would rate him there right now.

I challenge anyone to top us "nuts."

TODD H. JONES

Nameth, Pa.

Sirs:

You failed to mention the man who surely must be the premier track nut of the world, Fred Wilt. Mr. Wilt must have the largest private track-and-field library in the nation. He collects books, magazines and films of track and field from all over the world. He also writes books on track such as *Run, Run, Run* and *How They Train*. Besides that, he contributes to *Track & Field News* and is honorary editor of *Track Technique*.

Mr. Wilt, the U.S. 5,000-meter champion from 1949 to 1951, ran in the '48 and '52 Olympics and is still running today. He is also a coach, helping all sorts of athletes, from local high school boys to international-class runners.

Fred Wilt must be recognized as the king of the track nuts.

LEE ANDERSON

DAVE JOHNSTON

Jeddo, Mich.

DOWN THE HATCH

Sirs:

I read with great interest your section on powerboating in the August 2 issue. However, much as I admire the Rybovich boats (*The Rich Rake of a Ribot*), this builder did not originate the transom door—at least to my knowledge. It is a product of Prohibition.

Transom doors first appeared on the run-runners of that time. When the skipper of such a vessel noticed that he was being pursued, the cargo could be brought up into the cockpit and lashed together case to case. If the pursuer was identified as a government boat rather than a predatory competitor and if capture indeed seemed imminent, it was only necessary to kick the aftermost case overboard through the transom door, and it would take with it the rest of the evidence to the sea bottom.

I like to think that it was such a situation that gave rise to the classic last words of the dying runrunner skipper: "Don't give up the shipment!"

JOHN C. REED

Sunset Beach, Calif.

THEY WERE THERE

Sirs:

As one of those most concerned, I would like to call your attention to some inaccuracies

continued

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10TH HOLE

dies in James Lipscomb's account of the 1962 rescue of the Appalachian Mountain Club climbers stranded on the Grand Teton (72 *Hours of Terror*, June 14 and 21). Mr. Lipscomb says, "Those below could see that [rescuers] Sinclair and Greg could never succeed alone, and yet they hesitated to go up to help them. . . ." The fact is that McLaren, who was in charge, received a radio message from Sinclair to keep the rest of the rescue party there until further message. The party was eager to get going but obeyed McLaren's orders. At no time did we hesitate because of the risk.

As for the Fenniman incident at the top of the glacier—I heard Fenniman shout, "I'm going to kill you devils," which Lipscomb reported. I then heard Pete Lev shout, "What the hell are you trying to do? Kill us?" I did not hear Lev shout, "He's trying to kill me." I went down as fast as I could to Lev and Fenniman and got the rope around Fenniman from behind. When Fenniman became distracted as I tied the rope around him, Lev regained control of the ice ax. I then returned to the ledge above. Lev did not follow. Fenniman then "started up toward the rest of the party on the ledge." Also, the loop that I had tied around Fenniman did not loosen. When a mountaineer ties a knot it is guaranteed. Climbers just don't tie sloppy knots.

I would like to add that I think the story, these facts aside, was reported with a great deal of skill by Lipscomb.

MAURICE E. (ROCK) HORN

Jackson, Wyo.

SIR:

It is apparent that Mr. Lipscomb had an infinite number of details to assemble, and it is perhaps inevitable that his article should contain some error. There are a number of misstatements, the most important being that Pete Lev concluded that "trying to save them [the Appies] seemed hopeless and, considering the dangers to the rescuers, idiotic."

This statement is unequivocally denied by him. His colleagues say it doesn't sound like him and that his performance was second to none. It is true, however, that the entire rescue party had doubts about getting them all down alive.

AL READ
HERBERT H. SWERDLOW
PHIL LEV

Fallerton, Calif.

● The Teton rescue described by Author James Lipscomb is one of the great climbing rescues, perhaps the greatest, in American climbing history. As we believe readers would agree, all members of the rescue team are entitled to unqualified admiration—none more so than those who most clearly sensed the almost inhuman hazards of their mission.—ED.

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